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"THE CHILD IS NOT THE MERE CREATURE OF THE STATE"

THE unanimous decision of the Supreme Court of the United States did far more than simply settle the question of the constitutionality of the Oregon school law which the decision invalidated. On behalf, as it were, of the nation itself, speaking its best-considered and most helpful thought through the medium of its most authoritative institution, the Supreme Court reaffirmed, and once more made operative, the fundamental principle of human liberty.

This principle had been obscured in the trial of the case in the Oregon District Court, the decision of which upheld the rights of parochial and private schools against the provisions of the Oregon law. In that trial, questions of threatened property rights, and other highly important yet not absolutely vital factors, were dealt with, if not to the exclusion, yet certainly to the minimizing in discussion and in the verdict, of the supreme issue—namely, the question whether Caesarism, or purely state authority, was to override human rights and liberties in the United States. While these important yet subsidiary matters were fully dealt with in the Supreme Court decision, the supreme issue took just precedence over all other considerations; and the firm, definite, powerful phrases in which this fundamental issue was lucidly and irrevocably set forth, will constitute this particular opinion of the Supreme Court as one of the great documents in the history of American liberty under the law.

Referring to the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, and to the Hill Military Academy, the two educational bodies whose right to teach had first been menaced by the passage of the Oregon law, and later had been protected by the Federal District Court of Oregon, against whose decision the governor of Oregon and other state officials had appealed to the United States Supreme Court, the decision handed down on June 1 declares—

> "The fundamental theory of liberty upon which all governments in this Union repose excludes any general power of the state to standardize its children by forcing them to accept instruction from public teachers only. The child is not the mere creature of the state; those who nurture him and direct his destiny have the right, coupled with the high duty, to recognize and prepare him for additional obligations."

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In addition to the Catholic Sisters and the Hill Military Academy, a non-religious institution, additional briefs in opposition to the validity of the Oregon school law were filed on behalf of the North Pacific Union Conference, the Seventh Day Adventists, the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Protestant Episcopal church, and the American Jewish Committee, taking this action under the legal status, "friends of the court." The Oregon school law wiped out the rights, not merely of Catholic parochial schools and Catholic parents, but of all others who for good and sufficient reasons educated their children in other than the public schools of the state. Mr. William D. Guthrie, chief counsel for the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, in arguing before the Supreme Court, unequivocally pointed out the motive animating those who sponsored and carried through the passage of the Oregon law, as follows—

"But in truth, unless court and counsel are to be blind to what 'all others see and understand,' and what was clearly present in every aspect and phase of this litigation, though direct mention thereof has been studiously avoided, the sole offense of the members of this appellee, the Society of the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, was that in connection with their schools they were teaching the children and orphans confided to their care the sacred truths and doctrines of religion according to the tenets of the Catholic Church.

"Inexcusable and cruel, indeed, is the libel contained in the oblique innuendos we find in the brief on behalf of the appellant, Governor of Oregon, and particularly the charge on page sixty-two thereof, that injurious effects may result 'from the standpoint of American patriotism' if American parents are allowed to guide and determine the character of the education of their own children, and that they may be taught in religious schools disloyal and subversive doctrines, and 'that the claims upon them of the religion to which they belong are superior to the claims of the United States,' etc. The Catholics now appeal from this libel to fair-play and justice and to the judgment of all candid, impartial and tolerant American citizens."

Pointing out that in Catholic schools "patriotism, obedience to the law and loyalty to the Constitution are taught, not merely as a patriotic duty, but a religious duty as well," the brief goes on—

"The fundamental and controlling motive for the establishment and maintenance of Catholic parochial or elementary schools is the profound conviction on the part of Catholics, in which conviction clergy and laity are a unit, that the welfare of the nation, the stability of our constitutional system of government, the continuance of civil and religious freedom, and the lasting happiness of the individual citizen depend upon the code and standards of morality, discipline, self-control and temperance taught by religion. And this broad-minded view is not confined to Catholics, but is shared by Protestants and Jews throughout the country."

The views expressed by Mr. Guthrie were shared by those who really knew the forces which inspired and led the movement to enact the Oregon school law. The fact that the law was carried during those feverish days when the turbulent wave of Ku Klux Klanism was sweeping through many parts of the country, led many superficial observers to hold the belief that the whole movement was due to blind bigotry and would inevitably die down as the outburst of bigotry subsided. Those behind the scenes of the fight, however, on both sides, did not share this view. Elsewhere in this number of The Commonweal, we publish an article by a man fully qualified to speak on the subject, in which the true nature of the forces directing the Oregon movement are defined, and the probable scope of their future operations indicated. It will be remembered that in effect the Oregon law provided that parents and guardians of children between the ages of eight and sixteen must send them to the public schools maintained by the state. There were a few minor exceptions to the drastic provisions of this law, but these were of little consequence. That the law was aimed directly at the Catholic schools was obvious to all fair-minded observers. But in order to reach the Catholic schools other confessional and private institutions had of necessity to be included in the drastic provisions of the law. It was this issue of religious liberty which directed the attention of the whole country on the hearing granted to the appeal by the highest court of the land. The Supreme Court had already passed adversely on the Nebraska school case which banned the teaching of German in the public schools—a law passed in the midst of the excitement incident to the war. The Oregon law went even further than the Nebraska law in giving the state supreme powers over education.

The Commonweal at the time it quoted Mr. Guthrie's brief said—"No more important event is now pending in the United States than the decision of the Supreme Court in the case of the appeal of the state of Oregon." That decision has now been rendered. As the New York Times says, it is "none the less welcome for being expected. . . . The measure . . . was plainly directed most intolerantly at a single class." The New York World hails the decision as "an assertion on behalf of the fundamental law of the land, not merely of freedom of education, but in the last analysis, of freedom of thought, freedom of religion, freedom of conscience. It was aimed especially at the Roman Catholic schools. . . . The Supreme Court speaks with the emphatic voice of the tribunal of last resort. Bigotry in its revival has met a crushing defeat."

That the responsible and respectable American press everywhere will speak in similar terms, The Commonweal has no doubt. Only the organs of blind, unjustifiable prejudice, can possibly protest against this splendid declaration of the true American spirit.

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WEEK BY WEEK

MR. COOLIDGE'S firm request to Americans abroad to permit him to do what it may be necessary to do in the conduct of international affairs, may be considered by some people at home as a too autocratic and summary suppression of freedom of speech. Particularly in view of the fact that more and more of international negotiation and understanding affecting ultimate government action is being accomplished by various private bodies of citizens. The President's remarks would appear harsh, however, only to those who are unfamiliar with the tendency of "American colonies" in almost any foreign capital to explain away, or roundly to condemn all American official utterance. That attitude of mind is natural enough. It is right and proper that Americans living abroad should endeavor to understand and sympathize with the point of view of those among whom they live, and conduct their business, pursue their studies, or enjoy their incomes. It is eminently proper that they should try by all appropriate means to interpret two countries to each other, and increase understanding and good feeling. Their unfortunate tendency however, almost everywhere, is to be so jealous of the good name of America that they will condemn anything and everything emanating from their government and fellow-citizens which does not conform to their own ideas of what should be done.

IT is in part a too urgent desire to see the other man's point of view; in part reaction from the blatant spread-eagle attitude of the newly-fledged American citizen returned to the country of his origin, so frequently met in Europe and Latin America a few decades ago. This attitude of general suspicion of the ineptitude of "tyros in foreign affairs" in their own country, very common among Americans living abroad, has long been the bane of American diplomats engaged in delicate negotiations. It is all too frequently aggravated by a sympathetic attitude of mind on the part of juniors in embassies and legations. It becomes fatal to American interests when the Chief of Mission himself yields to the subtle poison. It is the almost inevitable result of prolonged absence from direct contact with domestic affairs on the part of Americans resident abroad in business or diplomacy. Captains of industry have been known to yield to it. Ex-diplomats are not exempt, having not infrequently an eye to the chair of the Secretary of State.

IT is all very well for such sincere and sympathetic gentlemen to believe and so state, that the people of the United States are overwhelmingly in favor of remission of war debts to France. There is undoubtedly much to be said for that point of view. There is not sufficient evidence however, that this is really the majority opinion of citizens at home whose thoughts in this matter are fixed primarily on the material reduction of their own tax burden. The President is unquestionably voicing our opinion that France, having made very material progress in restoration of the material destruction of war, should first of all not be permitted to openly consider repudiation, and secondly, should now declare her intentions with regard to the repayment of loans. There is no danger that the President does not understand the situation. There is no doubt that he is as ably advised as any President we have had since our Presidents were themselves of recent European origin and contacts; he is more receptive of expert advice than most of our Presidents within a generation. Mr. Hoover, to name only one of his official advisers, has as intimate and practical a personal knowledge of the "outside" world as any American in government or business. The three post-war administrations have, each in its way, made steady progress toward solution of Europe's problems and the relation of the United States thereto. It does not argue well for the poise of those supposedly eminent American minds well versed in foreign affairs who cannot see that situation—or, seeing it, yield to the urge to make personal capital out of it.

ONE is forcefully reminded of the comment of an ex-Republican President, during the period preliminary to our entrance into the war, made in a personal letter to one congratulating him on the tact and non-partisan patriotism of his public speeches and writings—"You are perfectly correct in your interpretation of my present attitude. While I disagree with Mr. Wilson on practically every possible point, it is not the time to say so. His hand is on the helm, and in the general

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interest I believe that it is the duty of every one to support him to the extent that it is possible for him to do so."

BETWEEN a personal opinion, publicly expressed, of Mr. James Gerard, formerly ambassador to Germany, and an opinion emanating from a later ambassador to Germany, Mr. Alanson Houghton, both speaking upon present conditions in Germany, we incline to that of Mr. Houghton. Without detracting in the slightest degree from the merits of Mr. Gerard, we believe that Mr. Houghton is extraordinarily well qualified to judge of present conditions and the relation they bear to vital American interests. Pre-war Germany was well known to him, and his knowledge completed by his post-war experience. He has given every evidence of being a diplomat of the first order. Mr. Houghton has said publicly that he believes Germany to be endeavoring in every way possible under adverse conditions to comply fully and honorably with her obligations. Mr. Gerard has stated his belief that Marshal von Hindenburg's election to the Presidency of Germany will work harmfully to those obligations. We offer our vote of confidence in the correctness of Mr. Houghton's analysis and conclusion. It is not conceivable that he left Marshal von Hindenburg out of his calculations even though several noted diplomatists did that very thing, and reported to their governments that he had no possible chance of election.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S rebuke both to amateur and some professional diplomats conveys no indication of his own convictions in the matter; he only asks to be permitted unhampered to work out the problems which have been confided to him, for the right solution of which he must bear the sole and entire responsibility before those who placed him in office. With the record before us of Walter Hines Page and Mr. Carter Glass, of Mr. Charles Evans Hughes, Mr. Kellogg, Mr. Houghton, and of those two most successful "amateurs," Mr. Owen Young and Mr. James Logan; with the knowledge we possess of Mr. Thomas Nelson Perkins and of Mr. Gilbert Parker; with the names before us of all the "professionals" of diplomacy whose work, very often unknown to the general public, brought real glory on the United States during the war, we offer our vote of confidence in the part America has played, and is now playing, in world problems—whether under the party leadership of Democrats or Republicans.

WITH quite extraordinary skill (or good fortune?) Mr. Gilbert keeps his activities in connection with the administration of the Dawes Plan out of the head lines. Probably the moment is approaching when he will no longer be able to do so. Meanwhile it may be permitted to believe that Mr. Gilbert has never been doubtful of his ability to collect in some central reservoir in Germany sufficient funds to begin to meet reparation needs—nor of the possibility of using that reservoir for the development of Germany's own resources to the point of complete satisfaction of defined reparations claims. His problem was in distributing the funds collected, without calamitous dislocation of foreign exchanges. It is no more possible to dump foreign money on a country without dislocation, than it is possible to dump goods without affecting local industry. That problem, in its major aspect, still stands before him. It is to everybody's interest that he solve it. He will not, therefore, have to solve it alone; where vital interest is concerned, full coöperation may be assumed.

IT does not affect the solution basically that there is, and will be, a considerable amount of jockeying to attach extraneous problems to this major one, for joint solution. In the meantime it is not true, as is so currently brought forth in conversation and in public utterance by European statesmen, that the American government consistently refuses to face the fact of European inability to pay American war debts. Washington has faced that situation very carefully, soberly, and without bias or sentiment. Responsible men in Washington may think, as many in Europe thought with regard to Germany's ability to pay, that in principle, debts must be paid, but that it may be necessary to assist the debtor to his feet and do so the moment he shows clear indication of an honest will to pay. It is interesting to note the same arguments brought forward by some continental debtors concerning war debts to America, as those which they repudiated so violently when advanced by Germany with regard to reparations.

THE exercises held at Canterbury, England, in honor of the great archbishop, Stephen Langton, are of special interest to American Catholics, not only because they were held in the interests of Anglo-American unity, but because they serve to draw attention to the true nature of the relations that existed between Rome and the various national primacies, and to the logical and unconfused view taken by mediæval churchmen, of the distinction between spiritual allegiance and temporal rights. Stephen lived through a period when the question of church and state was passing through one of its recurrent phases of acuteness, and the shifty and underhand policy pursued by the Plantagenet monarchs forced him time and time again into opposition to the Papal Court. From the day in 1206, when Pope Innocent bade the chapter of Canterbury choose as their primate "any man they would, so long as he were a fit man and an Englishman," to the close of his agitated life, Langton was forever on the defensive against encroachments upon his order and his Church, from whatever quarter proceeding.

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THE great archbishop was one of the most honest and fearless souls who have ever lived, but one imagines no great stress was laid at Canterbury upon the most striking fact in his story—namely, that in every contested case he appealed to the Supreme See as judge, and in every case was eventually justified by it. It was by Innocent himself that Canterbury's choice was consecrated at Viterbo, on June 12, 1207, in the face of "the wrath of the king." No less than three papal legates were recalled from England upon his protest. No final correction was administered to him when, in 1213, he stopped an unjust and unpopular war by a threat to excommunicate "every man in the royal army *saving the king himself;*" or *in 1223 when he forced* the confirmation of the Great Charter at the head of his fellow peers; or when, in 1228 he recovered from John's son the immunities of his see. Even when suspended in 1215, he had only to journey to Rome and plead his cause to be re-instated with the sole proviso that he should remain out of England till return could be made with safety and dignity. What emerges from the history of Stephen Langton, in short, is that the churches were never more truly national, the Church more truly universal, than in days when a supreme arbiter sat above the stress and fury of the contest, whose realm was the conscience of Christendom, and whose judgment was as deliberate as it was final. Nothing has done so much damage to the equilibrium of the world as the absence of some such moral authority, and any sincere attempts to supply it, in however halting and tentative a guise they may come, should find their warmest welcome from Catholics, who may be said to have its tradition in their blood.

EVERY now and then some item of news brings to mind the fact that there is no portion of the inhabited globe into which the Irish have not gone, and wherever they are found, they have been zealous champions of the Faith for which the race has so often suffered persecution. The English-speaking world has, naturally, received the largest number of them, but language barriers have in no wise daunted them—as O'Higgins of Chile, the Dowlings of Peru, and MacMahon of France all testify,—it is even said that Obregon of Mexico is but an O'Brien in disguise! If difficulties of tongue or strangeness of customs could have kept them back, surely we would hardly expect to find the intrepid sons of Erin in the former empire of the Czars,—yet even there they are, and as everywhere else, they have played a distinguished rôle.

ONE of a family which has been described as "the proudest and most inflexible of all the Irish race"—John O'Rourke, Count, was major of cavalry in the service of Her Imperial Majesty, Elisabeth, Empress and Autocratice of All the Russias in 1762, and while he finally returned to Great Britain, obtained a pardon under the Great Seal for having entered foreign service, resided some years in London and finally died there in 1786, yet most of his descendants remained in the land of his sojourn, and their history has been one of high place and great honor. Many of the O'Rourkes of Russia, true to the description given in the Gaelic poem, Ode to Brian-na-Murtha O'Rourke, "In the vanguard of danger O'Rourke will be there," —were officers of high rank in the army; but at least one of these chose rather to fight the battles of the Lord of Hosts than those of an earthly monarch, and has so distinguished himself as to be promoted to the Episcopate.

THE Right Reverend Eduard, Count O'Rourke, Bishop of Pergamon, is even now faithfully serving the Church as Apostolic Administrator of the See of Danzig—a post fraught with sufficient difficulty to satisfy even one sprung from "the glory of Feargna, the gallant O'Rourke." But it is not ticklish matters of diplomacy that constitute the burdens of Bishop O'Rourke. The Holy Father has placed upon him, besides his ordinary ecclesiastical duties, the task of caring for the children of Russian refugees in Danzig and eastern Germany—a task surely formidable enough to give pause to the stoutest heart. On a scale staggering in its immensity, he has been made a father to the fatherless—these little ones, whose offense is that their parents, choosing the better part of religious belief instead of selling their souls to the atheistic Soviet, have placed them out of its impious clutches, but in so doing, have placed them out of the way of material support as well. To provide for the spiritual and material welfare of these refugees is the task of Bishop O'Rourke. Just before sailing for Rome recently, the Reverend Augustine Count Galen, O.S.B., President of the Catholic Union, pledged its support to Bishop O'Rourke. Father Galen has gone to Rome to report to the Holy Father the progress of this work in the United States. It is meeting with enthusiastic coöperation from American bishops, clergy and laity; and is laying plans for a much-widened field of action, including not only assistance to refugees, and the education of priests to labor in Russia and the Near East, but also looking towards the foundation of vocational schools, dispensaries and works of charity of every description.

DEATH has robbed the world of a distinguished astronomer in the person of Father J. A. Cortie, S.J., F.R.A.S., for years director of the well-known observatory at Stonyhurst, Lancashire, England. Father Cortie, who succeeded another equally celebrated astronomer, also a Jesuit father, in that position, has for years carried on the work of his predecessor in stellar photography, and was a man of such eminence as to have been appointed on at least three occasions by the British government to take charge of

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expeditions to distant parts of the world for the purpose of observing eclipses. Father Cortie was a well-known figure at British Association meetings, and was in Toronto last year at the function which took place in that city. After paying a visit to the United States and staying in various places with his brethren of the society, he returned to Toronto to give an address to the Catholic Truth Society which was holding its annual conference in that city. He preached the British Association sermon at the Cathedral in Toronto, which was packed to hear the learned and eloquent Jesuit. Now his labors have been terminated by an apoplectic seizure which carried him off after a short illness. His name must be added to the lengthy list of Catholic priests who have also won their spurs in the field of science and research work.

MR. LEWIS SPENCE, who is well known for his writings on the subject of the deities of the ancient Central-American civilizations, has recently been summarizing the evidence respecting early man in America. He arrives at the conclusion, which is generally held by ethnologists, that the main stock came from north-eastern Asia about the end of the last glacial epoch. As that has been calculated to have come to an end in the Niagara district about twenty odd thousand years ago, and as it would be later than that in the more northern districts, we obtain a rough notion of the date of the coming of these first inhabitants. But he thinks that there were other influences from Europe, as shown by the banner-stones and by the gouges of New England—and of course there was the Norse visit, without however any influence on the peoples of the country—and there are the traditions of visits by Madoc from Wales, and even of Saint Brendan from Kerry—which, however, are not authenticated.

MR. SPENCE thinks it probable that though the main population was derived as above, there were from time to time, immigrant bands or units bringing in a knowledge of alien cultures. Here one is reminded of the legends respecting Quetzalcoatl, the Aztec deity, the Feathered Snake—whose name is identical with Cuculcan, the Maya deity. There was a very ancient legend that a white man preached Christianity, or at least civilization in the tenth century, and was deified as Quetzalcoatl. The story goes on that he was driven out by Tetzcatlipoca, another deity, and that he declared that he would come again. There seems little doubt that this legend worked in favor of the Spaniards when they descended on Central America. Mr. Spence thinks that there is a certain similarity between the architectures of Central America and of south-eastern Asia, and that there are analogies between the earliest cult of Quetzalcoatl and Buddhism. He draws from this the conclusion that this influence cannot be dated much later than two thousand years ago.

WHY is it that cats and owls can see well at night, whilst men and many other animals cannot? The fact is well-known, and the reason has recently been explained by the ingenious device of an investigator who made little windows in the back parts of various eyes, removed from dead animals, which apertures were closed with a thin plate of quartz—a substance which permits the passage of ultra-violet rays as glass does not. A spectrum of light was then passed through by the tungsten arc, which includes not only the ordinary rays which we see, but also the ultra-violet, which we do not. The result shows that whilst the retina of man does not appreciate these rays, those of the owl and the cat and the tiger (though less in the two last) do. Hence their powers of nocturnal vision. The lion, on the other hand, sees only a little better than man; and the bear a little better than the lion.

THE smoker, if he needs a defense for the habit and cares to make one, may now, since the investigations of a German bacteriologist, urge that the fumes of the tobacco kill many noxious germs. It has now been shown by passing the smoke over recent "smears" of pathogenic bacteria, that their deadly function is brought to an end. This is the case even if the smoke is filtered through cotton-wool; but not if it is first passed through water—hence the hookah is less salutary than the cigar or ordinary pipe. These facts were verified in the case of the bacteria causing influenza, diphtheria, typhus and dysentery, as well as with staphylococci, pneumococci and other organisms. If instead of a "smear" a "pure culture" or growing organism is experimented on, however, it is found that the smoke will not kill the organism, except in the case of influenza and other very sensitive forms. The net result is that the smoke of tobacco will prevent the development of germ cultures in the nose and mouth, but if they are allowed to get to the point of becoming cultures, they can no longer be affected by it. The more you smoke the safer you are, would seem to be the moral.

IN a recent review of a first novel by a well known man of letters, whose own criticism and comment were a weekly feature in one of the liberal weeklies up to two years ago, a critic of the New York Times expresses some surprise that the book, on examination should prove a disappointment—its theme (which one need hardly say is sexual) rather trite, and its working-out not distinguished by any originality. In a word, that this first essay in fiction, rather eagerly looked forward to, by an author who had won spurs of considerable length and sharpness in the critical field, should turn out to be so much like other novels. Such a criticism might conceivably be regarded as raising the whole question of the tendency, always at work, of the individual to merge in the type—the specific

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in the generic. But it is also worth considering a moment in relation to propensities, very strongly marked just now, and which have no necessary connection with literature at all.

IT is one of the results of the contemporary cult of youth and of the deference paid to its "revolts," that it has become positive matter of merit to pass from the yeasty period of life to the season of hardened arteries—from effervescence to deliquescence, without any acceptance at all of the intermediate stage of maturity. A fight with the tyranny of chronology is one of the fashions of the moment. The determination to "stay young" at all costs, which is making fortunes for beauty specialists, physical culturists and gland quacks, is not without its reflection in the literary order. It is responsible for a plentiful crop of novels, written by authors that have been familiar names for two decades at least, in which chronological evidence is defied by a juanty resolution to show oneself not one whit beyond the newest dog of them all in familiarity with the new tricks. So long as a preoccupation with the problems that beset adolescence, the physiological rather than the psychological denouement, remains the surest means of enlisting attention—so long, it is feared, will we ask in vain from maturity the novel of reflection and sane balance that maturity so well could write.

THE London correspondent of the New York Times should be publicly thanked for either inventing or transmitting a very precious phrase. In a recent press despatch upon the doings of the Riffs, he took note in British government circles, of a "disinclination" to believe that the rifles, machine-guns, and hand-grenades which they are using to such good purpose against the columns of Marshal Lyautey, may be of German origin. The expression is a singularly happy and timely one, and it is rather surprising that the Jesuits, those terrible masters of the ambiguous, forgot to include it in their moral theology. It seems to create a border zone—a sort of "no-man's-land"—between admission and denial, so adapted to certain sad necessities of our own day that its exploitation is only a question of time and expediency.

RECENT oil magnates and others involved more or less in the Senate enquiry, are showing a strong "disinclination" to admit of any reason for making the long trip to Washington with so little of personal profit at its end. A certain proportion of low-browed citizens, confronted during the past year with their finger-prints and measurements, probably displayed a "disinclination" to see any reliability in the painstaking methods devised by M. Bertillon. Scientists of the positive order of thought, who busy themselves bridging the chasm between man and beast with a swinging bridge of skulls and vertebrae, would not hesitate to own to some very powerful "disinclinations." But why proceed when the spirit of disinclination may be already at work in the minds of those who read these detached remarks?

THERE died in Germany recently a man whose vision of a new social order was as vast and deranged as the stories of Jules Verne muddled in a dream. No thread of modern mysticism—that bizarre weave—but was coiled on his spool; no filament of subterranean psychology but served somehow the effects of his grotesque pattern. This man was Rudolph Steiner, and he is by no means a stranger to certain American cliques. It is worth while sending a thought after him because he represented so well, the uncanny morbidity of the post-war mind. Steiner was first of all a personality who attracted devotees, and stripped them of common sense in the style approved by our own Brigham Young. Beginning life as a disciple of Haeckel, Steiner gradually mapped out a system of theosophy, which reckoned not merely with such theoretical inducements as Dr. Freud's eros, but established also a vast chain of social endeavors, educational institutions, and centres of propaganda. He obtained handsome gifts of money; he raised a dependable army of missionaries; and he founded a far-flung society of "initiates," to whom alone he explained the innermost secrets of his cult. What is more, the secrets were pretty strictly kept, so that even yet it is almost impossible to discover what Steiner's religion, which he called "Anthroposophy," really was. We may guess at it, however, from the more general literature which he cast about, like bait upon the waters. He was a pacifist, a believer in his own strange variety of social anarchy, a mental therapeutist, and a highly emotional pantheist. Criticism could not harm him because his folly had exploded all the norms of criticism; and he gained followers precisely because his first premise proclaimed the uselessness of all reason and experience. The fact that Steiner was a German, is only of secondary interest. His real importance lies in his successful demonstration that there is a modern mind wholly divorced from order, and given, on a platter, to chaos.

CONCERNING EVOLUTION

IN commenting upon some remarks of The Commonweal concerning the Scopes trial now pending in Tennessee, the writer of the always interesting Topics of the Times, in the New York Times, quotes what we said as to "the jaunty assumption on the part of far too many of its [the doctrine of evolution's] champions that it must be accepted as a fact," being on the other hand, "denied by qualified scientific students having at least an equal right to pronounce judgments." The Times writer remarks that "the names of these 'qualified scientific students' are not given,

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nor is it made clear whether the writer thinks them as numerous as those also justly entitled to that description, who do accept evolution as a sound generalization."

The writer of The Commonweal's remarks would answer that he thinks it probable that the greater number of "qualified scientific students accept evolution as a sound generalization;" but he also thinks that a majority vote could not be accepted as deciding any scientific, or philosophical debate. As to the names of people who have a right, due to their scientific knowledge, to speak on this most technical and difficult matter, we would refer our friendly critic of the Times to such a work as Dr. Barry O'Toole's recent book, The Case Against Evolution, which is reviewed elsewhere in this number of The Commonweal by Sir Bertram Windle, F.R.S., Sc.D., M.A., M.D., etc., professor of anthropology, and author of many scientific studies. In that book Dr. O'Toole quotes a long list of scientists who do not accept the evolutionary hypothesis as proven, or anywhere near proven. Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn, in the June number of The Forum, quotes a passage from Canon H. de Dorlodot, of the Catholic University of Louvain, strongly praising Charles Darwin as the completer of the work of Newton, "because, for all those whose ears are not incapable of hearing, Darwin was the interpreter of the organic world, just as Newton was the voice from heaven come to tell us of the glory of the Creator, and to proclaim that the universe is a work truly worthy of His hand."

Canon de Dorlodot spoke as a delegate from his university on the occasion of the Darwinian Centenary at Cambridge University. He is a Catholic priest, and in his work, Darwinism and Catholic Thought, he powerfully sets forth his belief in the probability of the main tenets of the Darwinian theory. Dr. O'Toole is also a Catholic priest, in addition to being a practical teacher of science, and he names not only Canon de Dorlodot, but also Father Wasmann, another distinguished scientist, as champions of the theory of evolution. Afterwards, he proceeds to name many of those who oppose, or at least who do not accept, the theory of evolution—among them such men as Dr. Clark Wissler, curator-in-chief of the Anthropological Museum of Natural History, New York; Professor W. Branco, of the University of Berlin, the paleontologist; Karl A. von Zittel; Joseph Le Conte; J. Reinke, the biologist of Kiel; Sir William Dawson, of McGill University; Virchow, etc.

Dr. O'Toole marshals his witnesses against evolution—that is, we repeat, against evolution swallowed whole—after quoting the resolution passed by the American Association for the Advancement of Science, held in Cincinnati, eighteen months ago, that "the evidences in favor of the evolution of man are sufficient to convince every scientist in the world." Dr. O'Toole comments as follows—

"This authoritative decree is both rash and intolerant. The resolution committee of the American Association is by no means infallible, and, in the absence of infallibility, no group of men should be so unmindful of their own limitations as to strive to make their subjective views binding upon others. Scientific questions are not settled by authority, but exclusively by means of irresistible evidence, which is certainly absent in the present case. Moreover, the declaration in question is untrue; for many of the foremost palaeontologists and anthropologists of the day confess their complete ignorance, as scientists, with respect to the origin of man.

"Dr. Clark Wissler, for example, who is the curator-in-chief of the anthropological section of the American Museum of Natural History in New York City, made, in the course of an interview published in the New York American of April 2, 1918, the following statement—'Man like the horse or elephant, just happened anyhow, so far as has been discovered yet. As far as science has discovered, there always was a man—some not so developed, but still human beings in all their functions, much as we are today.' Asked by the reporter, whether this did not favor the idea of an abrupt, unheralded appearance of man on earth, Doctor Wissler replied—'Man came out of a blue sky as far as we have been able to delve back.' Fearing lest the reporter might have sensationalized his words, the writer took occasion to question the learned anthropologist on the subject during the Pan-Pacific Conference held at Honolulu, Hawaii (August 2-20, 1920). His answer was that the foregoing citations were substantially correct.

"The same verdict is given by the great palaeontologist, Professor W. Branco, director of the Institute of Geology and Palaeontology at the University of Berlin. In his discourse on Fossil Man delivered August 16, 1901, before the Fifth International Zoölogical Congress at Berlin, Branco said, with reference to the origin of man—'Palaeontology tells us nothing on the subject—it knows no ancestors of man.' The well-known palaeontologist, Karl A. von Zittel, reached the same conclusion. He says somewhere (probably in his Grundzüge der Paläontologie) 'Such material as this [the discovered remains of fossil men] throws no light upon the question of race and descent. All the human bones of determinable age that have come down to us from the European Diluvium, as well as all the skulls discovered in caves, are identified by their size, shape and capacity as belonging to *Homo sapiens,* and are fine specimens of their kind. They do not by any means fill up the gap between man and the ape.' Joseph Le Conte repeats the identical refrain. In the revised Fairchild edition (1903) of his Elements of Geology we read—'The earliest men yet found are in no sense connecting links between man and ape. They are distinctly human.'

"Replying to Haeckel, who in his Welträtsel proclaims man's descent from pithecoid primates to be *an*

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historical fact, J. Reinke, the biologist of Kiel, declares —'We are merely having dust thrown in our eyes when we read in a widely circulated book by Ernst Haeckel the following words—'That man is immediately descended from apes, and more remotely from a long line of lower vertebrates, remains established as an indubitable historic fact, fraught with important consequences. It is absurd to speak of anything as a fact when experience lends it no support.' The sum total, in fact, of scientific knowledge concerning the origin of the human body is contained in the saying of the geologist, Sir William Dawson, president of McGill University—'Know nothing about the origin of man, except what I am told in the Scripture—that God created him—I do not know anything more than that—and I do not know of anyone who does.' "

These statements, and others of a similar kind, are what The Commonweal had in mind when it said—"the matter of evolution is an open question." There are Catholics who accept it, others who consider it a fruitful working hypothesis, others who flatly reject it. Dr. O'Toole is among the latter. But what he opposes is more the rash, and what seems to him unscientific, forcing of the theory on public and professional belief before anything at all resembling positive proof of it has been demonstrated. Monistic philosophy—a determination to assert at all costs a mechanistic explanation of the origin of life—and, by inference, the mechanistic explanation of all spiritual, idealistic, artistic, philosophical and religious ideas and phenomena—seems to him to be the basis of a vast amount of the exceedingly active pro-evolution propaganda, so largely influenced by purely materialistic, and mechanistic principles, as to be dangerously subversive of society. The Commonweal considers that the Dayton case is hardly likely to advance genuine knowledge of this highly complex and technical matter, but is very likely to confuse the real issues involved through the stirring up of a raucous and heated debate between such emotional extremists as Mr. W. J. Bryan and Mr. Clarence Darrow, to the accompaniment of the jazz-band to be installed in Dayton's baseball field among the batteries of radio machines and newspaper cameras.

ARGENTINA

FROM Buenos Aires arose the centralized provinces welded by Bernard Rivadaira into the great republic of Argentina. The final battle of Ituzaingo, February 20, 1827, decided forever the boundary claims of the Brazilians and the independence of the sister republics of Argentina and Uruguay.

Argentina is par excellence the land of the Gaucho, the land of the dictator, and a prolific region of popular legend and popular song—it is perhaps the most characteristically South American country of all the continent. The later immigration of millions of Italians, the direct vivifying influences of France, have constituted in the Argentinian a character apart from that of the citizens of the other republics—with a cultivation of marked continental finish, and an Americanism of a vigorous aggressive sort that has challenged the admiration of both Europe and the North.

The mastodonic features of South America may be looked for in the Argentines—the most fantastic popular music, the most striking songs, the most sensational novels, pictures, and statuary—and many of the best poets as well. It is the country of José Marmol (1818-1881) and his novel, Amalia, revealing the outrages of the Dictator Rosas—the homeland of Bartolomé Mitre (1821-1906), a great poet and literary founder—of Domingo Faustino Sarmiento (1811-1888), the famous organizer—of Oligario Victor Andrade (1838-1883), considered the greatest of the Argentinian poets—of the novelist, Carlos Maria Ocantos; of Manuel Ugarte, a doughty opponent of our North American aggressions in the South; of Leopoldo Lugones, the greatest living poet of South America; of Enrique Rodrique Larreta, author of La Gloria de Don Ramiro, the finest historical novel of our times.

A splendid, vigorous people, proud of its achievements, practical and wise in its public affairs, the republic of Argentina is a worthy representative of free institutions in South America, and a powerful helpmate to our own United States in every question in international affairs.

The culture of this great and rich country, which permeates by its influences throughout its neighbor republics, seems singularly uninterested in English-speaking forces and developments. It lends a ready ear to the last voices of Italian decadentism, and the final out-pourings of French pseudo-realism and materialistic art. One feels here a slackening in the powers of the old Spanish traditions that have led the race of the peninsula to such supreme triumphs, and still uprear the developing cultures of older civilizations in other parts of South America. In this we find a revelation that Argentinian culture results from a greater admixture of races than elsewhere is evident—Spain speaks in Buenos Aires with the accent of the Franco-Spanish schools of the eighteenth century; the heroic Spain has given places to the heroic age of Gauchos and payadors; the Cid yields to Martin Fierro; Parnassian elegance in Spanish has taken the place of the purity of style of the Luises. He who loves Paris, they say, will love Buenos Aires—and the Argentinians love Paris.

Amid the newness of Argentine life there is little of the provincial or rustic—rather, we might say, there is an intensification of old world fashions of life and thought that gives Buenos Aires the perpetual significance of a beautiful world's fair, where the present seems to tread on the heels of the future. The Argentinian is a modern of moderns, with all the implications of good or ill in the phrase. He is divinely young, idealistic, romantic, and last but not least—practical.

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THE DECISION AND THE FUTURE

By NELSON COLLINS

THE decision of the United States Supreme Court in the "Oregon schools case" constitutes a set-back to forces in the United States far more significant than the Ku Klux Klan. It is surprising to see, for instance, so informed a newspaper as the New York World editorially treat the decision rendered on Monday, June 1, as though the protection thus given parochial schools is a protection from the Ku Klux Klan. It says—"The Oregon law was a product of Ku Klux bigotry and intolerance."

As a matter of fact the Ku Klux Klan had next to nothing to do with the inception of the Oregon school law providing jail and fine for parents unless their children went to the public schools. It was the proud production of the Scottish Rite Masons of the Southern Jurisdiction under the leadership of Mr. Cowles—who also last year made speeches in the state of Washington in favor of another such law for that state. It is a set-back for numerous forces which intellectually are far and away raised above the Ku Klux Klan. This decision, however, is a set-back for which they were "set"—if the slang term be permitted. The Supreme Court of the United States had taken pains to go beyond the mere situation before it, in the Nebraska language case in 1922, and to indicate its attitude toward full parental freedom in the schooling of children, whether the point at issue was a foreign language or something else. Then the Federal Court for the Oregon district had unanimously held the Oregon "law" a violation of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, guaranteeing the liberties of the citizen. All the trends seemed to be setting against them as to the legality of the attack they had devised, and carried to the electorate of one state or another four times—twice in Michigan; once, and successfully, in Oregon; and once in the state of Washington.

Now the blow has fallen upon them. It is a unanimous decision—even Justice Holmes this time joining in the condemnation of such attacks upon private and parochial schools. Justice Holmes withheld himself from the condemnation of the Nebraska foreign language case to the extent of asserting that he could conceive some time when a state might have to prohibit the teaching in grade schools of a foreign language in order to protect itself. There is no more important constitutional mind in the United States Supreme Court, than the mind of Justice Holmes—and his participation is a matter of great satisfaction. Illness kept him from the oral hearings, but by agreement he was, nevertheless, to participate in the decision reached by the court.

The blow has fallen upon all the forces, excellent but misled, and ignoble and insistent—but it was a blow so anticipated by them that already, in their own minds at least, it is more than half parried. There will be a thousand allusions a week now in their speeches and their publications to the Dred Scott decision, as a way of asserting to themselves and to their followers that even the Supreme Court of the United States is not infallible or final. They will conveniently overlook the fact that the Dred Scott decision was a reluctant decision trespassing on inherent human rights—while this decision of June 1, 1925, is an eager decision asserting inherent human rights.

In anticipation of such a decision as has now actually been rendered, the forces back of the Oregon "law" and back of the appeal to the United States Supreme Court against the decision of the Federal Court for the Oregon district, some months ago announced what their next step would be. The Supreme Court of the United States has joined the Federal Court of the Oregon district in naming the right to control a child's schooling as part of those liberties guaranteed to every citizen of the United States—no matter in what state he may reside. Very well. Those inherent human rights are protected to every citizen of the United States—even against any law any state may pass by the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution. Those rights have never been closely defined. From time to time certain rights are named by the Supreme Court as clearly belonging to those guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment.

The Supreme Court has now, by this decision, specifically named "the liberty of parents and guardians to direct the upbringing and education of children under their control." The forces thus balked have some time since announced that, in the event of the United States Supreme Court doing this thing, they will promote still another amendment to the Constitution of the United States, specifically removing that right in education from the protection of the United States government, and placing it within the sole power of each individual state to determine where and how the children resident in that state shall receive their schooling. The immediate reaction to such a proposal is to say—"Another amendment to the Constitution! And one so fantastic!" None the less, one who makes it any part of his business to measure the diffusion of pro-public-school sentiment, born out of anti-parochial-school and anti-private-school sentiment, and remembering the long-delayed but persistent, and finally triumphant, recent amendments, cannot dismiss the threat as sheer fantasy of those balked in their hates. Mr. Charles Michelson in the New York World of June 2, offers as an absurdity this proposition—"If the Ku

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Klux gets control of the legislatures of twenty-five states and enacts the Oregon school laws, all the other states must ban parochial or other private schools under pain of having the federal government do it for them."

But it is not necessarily so much an absurdity as Mr. Michelson thinks. He is discussing an argument based on a mere majority of states. But ratification by two-thirds of the states of such an amendment as haters of parochial schools now propose, would inflict exactly that absurdity upon the remaining third of the states. I have discussed the proposed amendment with its most active and influential proponents, and I have discussed it with lawyers grounded in constitutional procedure. I find the general careless citizen, Catholic or otherwise, much more inclined to treat this threat as a fantasy, than I find the rather grim gentlemen now facing a legal impasse of their activities, or than I find constitutional lawyers who, hating the threat, are not sure they can despise it.

There is sure to be a revival of the talk about taxing churches. I have heard enough of it already in Oregon and in Michigan, in public speeches and in general conversation. It seems to me, as a purely personal opinion, less likely to get anywhere than the threat of a federal amendment. But it is dependent on states of mind being sufficiently organized for practical action—and nothing can surely be predicated of anything dependent on that in these days of highly-skilled and amply-financed playings upon the population. The attempt to tax all churches and all church property, takes at present the line of converting non-Catholic religious groups to the idea of advocating taxation for their own churches and church property, in order to hit at the Catholic Church. It needs to be met first of all, perhaps, by making clear what large taxes the Catholic Church already pays into the public treasuries all over the United States, and how slight the exemptions are for church properties apart from actual church buildings.

The gravest danger, it seems to me, is that a mean and political system of supervision—of visitation rather than visiting—may be attempted in state after state; and within the state, in locality after locality. It is important to point out that, with its ample upholding of the right of the parent and child to be free in the determination of place and quality of schooling, the Supreme Court of the United States nevertheless followed the Federal Court of the Oregon district in asserting the participating right of the state with the parents in watching the child's schooling. "Parens particeps" was the Latin designation for the state that the Oregon Federal Court used—the state as a participating parent. The United States Supreme Court makes the same point—"No question is raised concerning the power of the state reasonably to regulate all schools, to inspect, supervise and examine them, their teachers and pupils; to require that all children of proper age attend some school, that teachers shall be of good moral character and patriotic disposition, that certain studies plainly essential to good citizenship must be taught, and that nothing be taught which is manifestly inimical to the public welfare."

The responsible Catholic position on this matter is, I believe, clear enough—both in theory and in practice. It not only admits and accepts—it desires and demands, such participation by the state. That must be very clear in every Catholic mind, and even clearer to every non-Catholic mind. I speak as one having no authority, but all my experience has led me to believe in the complete authority of such an utterance. The practice of supervision has not yet been worked out. The practice of supervision, of superintendence, has not been worked out satisfactorily even in the public schools themselves, as to how much visiting a teacher needs from a principal—how much visiting a principal needs from a superintendent—how much visiting the schools of a given locality need from the state department of education.

The situation in England is very much the same. There is an abundance of good-will, but the question of just enough, and of the right kind, is still under process of determination there, too. Supervision surely means three things—the certification by the state of all teachers; the naming of minimum requirements in studies and sanitation by the state; and assurance to the state, by its own knowledge, not merely by report of the schools themselves, that these minimum requirements are maintained. Catholic opinion, Lutheran opinion, Christian Reformed opinion, Seventh Day Adventist opinion, now rejoicing in the assurance of their moral rights legally asserted by the United States Supreme Court, are all in process of development on the useful program of state supervision. Equally so are the departments of education in all of the states. It was my practical experience in Oregon that the assiduous seeking of such helpfulness from the state was one of the great reassurances for people who wanted to be friendly, but were profoundly disturbed by charges against the schools.

It was in Oregon that I saw the mood, if not the program, of participation by the state best attained. It was my practical experience in Michigan that the law passed three years ago providing for certification of teachers, and in other ways drawing the state into the parochial schools, was one of the greatest bulwarks against the attack made there that culminated in an election last November. But there in Michigan the spirit of participation has gone on slowly, and has developed during the past year in very interesting ways by including all the parochial high schools in the state's administration of school athletics, and by joint meetings of parent-teacher associations, representing the public schools and the parochial schools of a town. It is perhaps worth-while to be this detailed about supervision, because it offers the easy way for hatreds

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to become active in pettiness in any interim, while major decisions are reached for further attempts against the private and parochial schools. We must be fore-handed about it. Supervision soundly defined and eminently administered, is a great asset.

Believing in the sanity of our general national life, it is to be assumed that all these three lines of further attack will ultimately fail. That final result is possibly not so important as it is to remove, if possible, the agitations that are promoted in the interest of such measures.

The decision of the Supreme Court should mark the end of agitation. Almost certainly it won't. Then it is essential to keep alive the spirit of understanding, and to support these schools that undertake to do all the state requires.

The decision has implications far beyond the schools —"As often heretofore pointed out, rights guaranteed by the Constitution may not be abridged by legislation which has no reasonable relation to some purpose within the competency of the state."

It is a larger thing to be a citizen of the United States, than it is to be a citizen of any state—however high that distinction may be.

"THE CASE AGAINST EVOLUTION"

By BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE

DR. O'TOOLE has launched a ship well-found in every way and heavily engined. It will need all this strength to force its way against the head winds and waves of prejudice, and the still more difficult sea of chill neglect which are bound to confront any Catholic work—more especially one from a clerical pen, which ventures to criticize the favorite doctrine of evolution or transformism.

It is sad, but indubitable, that a Catholic cannot be accepted as religiously indifferent to at least the main outline of transformism, yet capable of criticizing it from a purely scientific standpoint. Such was the case with Mivart, who was the only person on the orthodox side who ventured in early days to proclaim the innocuousness of the dogma, and at the same time to criticize it from the scientific point of view—with the result that his first thesis was proclaimed to be untenable, because it was impossible that the Church should take up an open-minded attitude on any scientific matter, whilst his second was denounced as sheer bigotry. Again there is the eminent Jesuit biologist Wasmann, frequently alluded to in this book,* who, though occupying a similar position to that of Mivart from the religious standpoint, has been constantly denounced again for bigotry in his own country, because his scientific views on all points do not chime in with those of the monist party. Prejudice in this matter is stronger than many are aware. One American writer, explaining how far his researches have gone, mentions that they have extended "even to the reading of some matter written by certain Roman Catholic priests with a considerable amateur interest in natural history, and a strong professional interest in anti-Darwinism." The clerics in question are unspecified and may or may not have been amateurs—certainly no one could apply that term to Dr. O'Toole. It may with far greater truth be retorted that many a work on the Darwinian side has been written by persons with a strong and even professional pro-Darwinian interest, coupled with a plentiful lack of even amateur acquaintance with Catholic theology and thought.

When more than a year ago Professor Vialleton's most remarkable work came into my possession, it was easy to recognize its importance, coming as it does from a first-class authority on vertebrate morphology —and after writing an article on it, which has not as yet appeared, I asked a friend, also distinguished in that line and a strong Darwinian, to read it and give me his opinion on it. His reply contained high praise of the first or morphological part, but as to the second he said—"Naturally I do not agree with it." Why "naturally"? If I receive a book which tries to prove that man's spiritual part is derived from that of the lower animals, I am entitled to say—"Naturally I disagree with it," because I do so from the point of view of revealed religion, to which field the discussion must be adjourned if it is to be carried further. But no one as yet has claimed that transformism is a revealed dogma. Then why "naturally"? Because revealed or not, it has become a dogma—and one, therefore, uncriticizable—at least to many persons.

These points have been raised because the book with which I am dealing has to contend with all these difficulties. On its merits it is a book worthy of the highest consideration. It is the work of one who knows perfectly the subject about which he is writing, and that knowledge is not of a kind which can be gained in a few weeks, nor even in a few years. Moreover, he has had plenty of laboratory experience, and with all respect to some of those who write about this matter from the anti-transformistic point of view, their arguments would be less feeble if practical scientific work—which apparently they have never endured, for no mere elementary course of biology is of any use in this matter—had lain within the ambit of their efforts in the past. Nothing can do more harm than ill-advised and ignorant attacks on transformism, and

**The Case Against Evolution, by George Barry O'Toole. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.50.*

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it is with profound regret that one has to recognize the fact that such attacks are not always made from non-Catholic sally-ports.

From the scientific point of view there is no kind of exception which can be taken to this book, and if it does not produce the effect which it should, it will be because the forces of prejudice and contempt have been too potent for it. The author takes the moderate view that transformism as a method of creation is inoffensive religiously, and that as a theory it has great plausibility. It must then be tested purely by scientific methods, and when these are applied, the writer of the book finds himself opposed to the findings of another distinguished Catholic ecclesiastic, Canon de Dorlodot, who looks upon transformism as a proved fact. Dr. O'Toole does not—and I agree with him—though, perhaps, I should not absolutely follow him in all his arguments and conclusions. I quite agree with him as to the very strong support which homology lends to the theory—especially vertebrate morphology—and as my work lay in that line for many years, I am at least in a position to form a judgment in that matter. Also I unhesitatingly adopt his view that if you are going to apply this argument to vertebrates in general, you cannot stop at what he very wittily calls, "Wasmann's comma"—i.e., man. The Jesuit is not a vertebrate morphologist, for his researches have dealt with the invertebrate branch of life. Had he been, I am convinced that he never could have argued as he has. Homology is a potent, but I am careful not to use the word "compelling," argument. Had I desired to do so, modesty must have deterred me, since I see that Vialleton, a master in that subject, is far from being compelled even by its admittedly weighty evidence.

I particularly like Dr. O'Toole's discussion of convergence, a matter which has been far too much ignored in transformistic books, and one to which I have myself called special attention in Church and Science.

That naturally leads us to consider the question of mono- versus poly-phyletic evolution. Darwin left the matter undecided, and was so doubtful about it that the alternative view was actually added in pencil in the last proofs of the Origin of Species. But the alternative remains, and though it is clear that most Darwinians have held, at least implicity, by the monophyletic view—others differ, even men so far apart in many ways as Bateson and Wasmann. I think the author's argument for parallelistic development is most interesting and suggestive, and the comparison with the chemical elements is certainly worth full consideration. But I venture to make one suggestion. Mendeleef's periodic theory undoubtedly gives us a picture of families—no one can doubt that the halogens, for example, are such—and had we nothing but that to work on, the argument is almost flawless. But the now accepted "atomic numbers" which have, after a century, rehabilitated poor Prout and his almost forgotten idea of multiples of hydrogen, coupled with the isotopes and other recent discoveries, do seem to have established a linear connection between the elements. Hence the conversion of mercury into gold, which seems to have been effected, and ex hypothesi, certainly is possible of taking place. But I am no authority on chemistry and physics, and perhaps in this matter I speak as one less wise.

Let me not omit to direct special attention to the chapter on man's body—that storm-center of discussion today. Here we have a very full and accurate account of the relics of ancient human beings—as to the accuracy of which I can bear testimony—the only point which I would criticize being the author's certainty that the jaw of the Piltdown skull (or that found with it) is that of a chimpanzee, or something of that nature. I have seen a cast of this jaw, but never had an opportunity of carefully examining it, so can pronounce no opinion; but it must be admitted that the great majority of scientific opinion is against the chimpanzee theory. It would certainly be strange if the only simian jaw—for I believe it is that—which has ever been discovered in England, had been found in close contiguity with an undoubtedly ancient skull. But it is at least possible, for the most curious collocations do take place. I was once examining the extensive collection of an amateur, but a careful amateur, in archaeology in the south of England. "Here is a thing," said he, "which I bet you won't identify. I found it when grubbing in the débris of a ruined Roman villa in England." He held up a bit of carved black stone, perforated by a tubular passage. I told him at once that it was unmistakably a bit of an Indian pipe, and named the part of North America from which it came. "You are right," he said, "and the only person who has spotted it—but how did it get into that villa?" How indeed—unless some antiquary had it in his pocket and dropped it there.

I remember the later Professor Alexander Macalister telling me that when the great reservoir at Lough Dan in the County Wicklow was being excavated, he and others kept watch on all the soil thrown up in search of objects of archaeological interest. As the navvies dug down, all sorts of things were brought to light, and when they had got to the end of their task the very last object that turned up was a donkey's hoof with an iron shoe on it—perhaps the least ancient thing amongst all the finds. Earth cracks go very deep, and even solid articles seep slowly through them and the soil—perhaps on account of earth movements. At any rate collocation requires very careful checking, and so do "reconstructions" of skulls—as our author is careful to point out. The very varying results obtained from the same data by acknowledged experts, shows how ticklish a job this is, and how unreliable even the best results are. I understand that a checked experiment with fragments sawn from a selected skull unknown to the persons carrying out

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the experiment, but selected by an anatomist who had made a cast of the cranium before dismembering it, did not yield results worthy of publication in the opinion of the experimenters.

The chapter on geology has a very interesting discussion on "index-fossils," wherein the writer shows how, first of all, such fossils are themselves dated according to a serial arrangement of strata in a certain district and then used to date other strata in other parts of the world—a method which entails, or rather is based on, various still unproved assumptions, and leads to many more—especially perhaps that of overthrust, which to a geological amateur like myself has often seemed to present very serious difficulties—particularly regarding the nature of the area over which the thrust has taken place, according to the computations and correlations of the geologists.

Finally, it would be unfair to omit mention of the chapter on man's soul—perhaps the most difficult, but certainly not the least interesting nor important in the book. Thus we traverse its pages and rise with the feeling that there are very few men who could have written them. The author of such a book needs must be a master in science—but beyond that, a master in philosophy and in theology. Dr. O'Toole shows himself to be all of these.

IN THE DAYS OF THE SQUARE PIANO

By LORNA GILL

THERE were amusing times in the history of our musical development, from the early nineteenth century to the Civil War—the period of musical awakening in New England, which for 200 years from the landing of the Mayflower had borne with this drab world without any music save psalm-singing. On the other hand, the South had plenty of music throughout the eighteenth century. The Cavaliers and the Puritans were miles apart, in their attitude toward life—though their coming to the new world was separated by but fourteen years. The Cavaliers brought in 1606, all the amusements of "Merrie England"—outdoor contests for the best ballad-singing, "with plenty of liquor to clear their windpipes," "for the best fiddling, then to be treated by the company." When tobacco growing had brought wealth, fine manor houses arose with handsome furnishings, and ceaseless rounds of entertainment, when "the sound of the fiddler was often heard and from some misty candle-lighted corner sounded the spinet and the harpsichord to the regular beat of the minuet, the Virginia reel, and the "courante." For lovers of a "good song" and dance, the ability to play these instruments was considered a valuable accomplishment—the girls were encouraged to learn the harpsichord; the boys, the "fiddle." The typical southern gentleman of those days was not only a good shot, a splendid horseman and a graceful dancer, but a "good hand" at the "fiddle" as well. Makers of our history were typical. Patrick Henry as a young lawyer would "rosin his bow" when clients were not forthcoming; and Thomas Jefferson's sympathetic accompaniment on the violin to his future wife's singing, is said to have led to his triumph over many rivals for her hand. There was so much amateur talent that gentlemen were giving "concerts for their own amusement:" there were singing-societies and plenty of plays—amateur theatricals and ballad-operas were the rage—the latter being the most popular theatrical entertainment of the century.

Meanwhile, those pious ancestors of the North were living under the strict discipline of the church; their chief amusement seems to have lain in the examination of their consciences—no merry songs, no sprightly dances, no instruments to play—these were banned as the "invention of the devil;" no flowing ruffles, nor silver buckles; nothing but their lugubrious psalms (though they were guilty of wearing "those bushes of vanity," as the worthy Judge Sewall characterized their periwigs).

When the laws against music and the theatre in New England were repealed at the end of the eighteenth century, there was a young man named Jonas Chickering living at Ipswich, New Hampshire, where there was but one musical instrument—a harpsichord—but one maiden to make it eloquent—and one young man to mend it when out of order. Even a few years later, upon Chickering's arrival in Boston to continue his experiments, there were few instruments of any sort in the whole town. New York was the exception in the North in regard to Puritanical legislation against music and the theatre—its Dutch ancestry no doubt, was responsible for that—for from the start it was a city of gaiety, with much music during the last half of the eighteenth century.

Chickering planned his first instruments with an eye to feminine attraction. All the precursors of the piano—virginals, spinets, harpsichords, were essentially feminine instruments calling for flexibility and grace, and were played almost entirely by women. So Chickering fitted his spinets or his first small square pianos of 1823, with mirrors, desks and sewing tables—with drawers for spools, buttons, scissors. No wonder they were called "Rattle Boxes!" All the girls were taking lessons now—particularly those of Boston—and were playing the "Battle of Prague." Not content with the martial ring of rattling spools and buttons, they must have, also, an attachment to give reports of the cannon at the most thrilling

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moments. Railroad gallops came next in popularity as after dinner pieces—it was the time of the invention of the steam engine—and the proper thing was little railroad cars on top of the piano, running up and down on tracks, all through the performance.

The centre table with its twisted legs and feet that had borne the family Bible so complacently all these years, trembled under this new battle array. It looked as though it would dance up at any moment and at last kick off all restraint. The six black hair-cloth chairs stood aghast against the wall, stiffening their backs the more as they watched these "goings on;" whilst the stately brass candlesticks, the wax fruit and flowers, and the stuffed birds looked on in reproval. But the jar with the "must" that Aunt Abigail had made, seemed stirred to new life, and the chromo of George Washington in his gay coat of yellow and green, appeared at home at last.

The temperament of the southern girl was in strong contrast; though she had her harpsichord from the very early days she never took her music seriously; she was not of a studious nature as was her New England sister, but was content as long as she had pretty clothes and plenty of beaux. Reared in luxury, slaves ran before her—even a handkerchief was too heavy for her to pick up. The Carroll girls, who had signed away millions with the Declaration of Independence, ever afterward refused to play English music on their harpsichords. Nelly Curtis celebrated the successive birthdays of her distinguished stepfather with a "concert" at which were repeated the same pieces and the same songs each year, though the most important part however, seems to have been the Virginia reel, which "Father George" kept up for three hours and, then called it a "pretty little frisk."

The New England girls, particularly of Boston, became positively feverish with their first taste of music. We hear words of comment of the latter from a Frenchman who visited us at the time. "God grant," he said, "that the women of Boston may never acquire, like those of Paris, la maladie de perfection in the art of music—that destroyer of domestic virtues." The American men were far too busy after the Revolution, combing the bullets out of their wigs, to bother about the frivolous art of music.

Besides, the Brook Farm experiment was going on then near Boston, when it was decided that woman was to be "elevated" and "educated;" that she was to have her "career," and that music should be one of the ingredients. How all this was to be accomplished was another matter. This new seeking after freedom expressed itself in various ways—in divided skirts and bloomers and other things. New York was "going in" for spiritualism and table-rappings.

With the invention of the piano in Europe in the previous century, came a change that revolutionized the art of playing. From a feminine instrument par-excellence, it became a vehicle for the display of man's superior brawn and muscle. A school of pianists called "gymnasts" sprang upon the platform to dazzle and astonish with feats of speed and strength. Such were our first piano virtuosos.

But by 1837 Chickering had out-distanced all the old-world efforts in his square pianos with iron frames —the best and strongest in the world. Nothing was more natural than that the manufacturers should desire to have some of these foreign virtuosos show them off to advantage.

And so they came—the German pianists first in 1846. There were no Jogues or Marquettes among these missionaries, ready to suffer and die for the conversion of the musical heathen. These musical "forty-niners" stopped at nothing to accomplish their ends. How they pummeled the instrument with "thumbs," "fists" and "elbows!" Men known as quiet, well-behaved gentlemen at home, cut up antics fit only for a circus ring; "if they had turned a somersault at the end, it would have been in perfect keeping with all the rest."

Never were plans so carefully laid for the conquest of American dollars as by von Meyer, who was among the first to come from Europe. Before leaving home he ordered his memoirs to be written by an Irishman of vivid imagination; spurious pictures, and press notices were printed of appearances before all the crowned heads of Europe and sent to American newspapers, bribed in advance to publish them. A French cartoonist was engaged to make a caricature of the pianist to adorn the top of his programs, representing him with "a couple of square pianos thrown across his shoulders, a cigar in his mouth, from which issued great fumes of smoke, sprinkled with music notes; a huge bag of money in one hand; whilst with giant strides he strutted across country on a roadway paved with the bars of his composition, the March Marocaine, and marked with the milestones of Boston, Philadelphia and New York." He was described as—

> A short, stout gentleman, with flying blonde hair and German blue eyes, seemed to tear up great masses of chords by the roots, to scatter them about with furious joy; his brow seemed to lift itself from his head, his whole body played. Then he would straighten himself back, and look with triumph at his audience, and spring from his seat as from his saddle, the piano still vibrating like twenty, to throw himself, as it were, into their arms, laughing and shouting with as much delight as any of them at the marvels he had done. The records of the Philadelphia Musical Funds Society show that he received $400.00 as a soloist at one of their concerts.

Another stout German pianist, Herz, faced shipwreck and death in the next year, 1847, to reach our golden shores. These "artists" found themselves surrounded at their concerts almost entirely by young, open-eyed girls so eager to learn, that they made arrangements for lessons from them even during their few weeks' stay—all a huge joke to the foreign vir-

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tuosos, but they refused not the money. Their programs consisted of Thunder, Lightning, and Battle Pieces, airs and variations with encores of improvisations on Yankee Doodle and Hail Columbia. Von Meyer went so far as to drum out variations with a walking-stick. During intermissions they refreshed their waning powers by coquetting with the ladies in the parquet.

Herz was introduced to his audience in Philadelphia with such a flowery speech that he lacked power to answer it. His farewell concert given there was the occasion for his last great patriotic outburst, announced as a "Grand Festival in Honor of the Declaration of Independence." Homage to Washington —the opening number—was performed by 18,000 voices and six orchestras. The bust of the "Father of his Country," placed in the centre of the stage, was crowned with a wreath of flowers at the end of the number. Herz played Concerto de la Constitution, composed by him for the occasion. There was a speech by a "lady orator" on Women's Rights—the suffragist was just then putting forth her first tender shoots. Hail Columbia, the "Grand Finale," was played not only by all the military bands of Philadelphia, but by those of all the surrounding country. The bill boards announcing this stupendous affair stated that the hall was to be lighted by 1,000 candles. One dear little lady, on counting eight short on that auspicious night, went immediately to the box-office to demand her money back.

These strenous pianists and their successors appear to have come over bankrupt; each had his own favorite method of recouping his fortune, Wolowski, Polish pianist and patriot, who had suffered losses in the cause of the independence of his country, tried to mend them by playing on two pianos at once. One means of advertising these marvels was sticking, mysteriously, little handbills on people's sleeves, hats, and coat-tails.

There was Jaell, too, of whom Boston thought a good deal in 1852, and who tossed the girls pretty compliments in the form of his compositions, The Belles of Boston. His chief trouble, also, appears to have been to forget himself in the "gay sunshine of applause." Even before this, Boston had begun to take herself very seriously as a musical centre, refusing often to accept New York's verdicts in regard to new performers. "We shall wait," the critics wrote, "to decide for ourselves." However, the New York Tribune was the first newspaper, to have in 1845 a real musical critic, in William Fry, an important journalist, musician and composer, with the distinction of being the first American to write an opera, called Leonore. Before his time musical criticism began with praises of "syren notes," and ended with "the audience realized the pleasure they anticipated." Though later on, in 1852, it remained for Boston to produce the first Savonarola of music in John Sullivan Dwight—the founder of the first newspaper devoted to music. In his journal he attacked the musical frauds of the day, the mountebank pianists, the monstrous concerts and festivals that played upon the unsophisticated, sensation-loving American public. The same Dwight was one of the leaders in the Brook Farm experiment in transcendentalism.

Exit the piano-pounders, and enter the sentimental era! The girls threw aside the Battle of Prague to sigh, for years to come, over the Last Hope, The Pastorella and Miserere of Gottschalk. No more buffoonery! His appearance signalized the arrival of the first real gentleman at the piano—an American, a creole of New Orleans, just returned in 1853 from several years' study in Paris. Gottschalk was now a handsome, romantic young man of twenty-three, with a successful concert tour of Europe before him, with praise of his gifts as a pianist and composer from such men as Liszt and Berlioz.

He approached the instrument with dignity, his hands encased in immaculate white gloves which he removed leisurely when seated. "Ah," he sighs, afterwards in his journal, "all those pretty young girls are so distracting, causing me to play wrong notes!" How they in their turn, loved the passionate Creole! His main points of attack were these seminaries. "The town of Rockford possesses three," he writes, "and ought to furnish an audience of 500." Sometimes Gottschalk succumbed to the American weakness for "big" effects, arranging concerts for as many as thirty pianos.

Then came the Civil War in 1861, and all the foreign pianists flew home. But when peace had been restored a new era opened in our musical life—our first opportunity to study and hear the classics—for William Mason, son of that Lowell Mason who had introduced music in the public schools, had returned from his studies in Europe a fine pianist, magnificently equipped to take our musical salvation in hand.

To a White Birch Tree

Bear yet a little, Beautiful!
Do not strain so, and reach and pull—
You should be glad your feet still cling
To level ground, though your anguishing,
Tempestuous self would tear away;
Be grateful that you still must stay,
And bear a little—Almost Flesh!
Though root and gravel intermesh . . .
You are learning to out-weep rain—
Wait till red burns in every vein!
You will know how to buffet storm,
Wear cloaking ice, though it deform,
Stifle the need to clutch and pull,
And dance with heartache, Beautiful!
Your time will come; you must learn now
To curb your god-like pulse and bow . . .

POWER DALTON.

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ANATOLE FRANCE IS NOT FRANCE

III. THE NIHILIST

By JULES BOIS

HOW Anatole France has acquired a fame so world-wide, is less the mystery of a seductive talent or lovable personality, than the secret of circumstances and of an instinctive and subtle diplomacy based on a radical contempt for principles. His life is a slow and sure progression, beginning with respect for all constituted powers and ending in La Carmagnole. First he praises militarism and war, in a foreword to a translation of Goethe's Faust; metaphoric flowers he casually throws at the foot of Christ's altar, only to vilify it later. . . . Then, his seat in the Academy won, little by little he delivers and exposes his real sardonic self, glorifies agnosticism and hedonism, leads a campaign against all that he has hitherto venerated and even worshipped.

With the Dreyfus affair arose an excellent occasion to undermine all social institutions. Or was it a pretext, as has been whispered—perhaps by himself—that he was less sure of the Captain's innocence than of the culpability of his accusers?

Henceforth he profits by the triumph of justice. A cosmopolitan clique, seeing in him only the destroyer, noisily applauds his epigrams which spare nothing. The cortège of his sincere followers, enticed by his magic prose and his independence of judgment, is swelled by those who are irked by national obligations and hampered by the old code of morals and the constraint of dogmatism. All of them gather, hurrying to adopt him as the incredulous pontifex of an era of emancipation, in which the Faun parades himself among the ruins of desecrated sanctuaries.

Believing in nothing, neither in its affirmations nor in its denials, such a nihilism was as supple as it was utilitarian. With a graciousness which is not to be ignored but rather analyzed, Anatole France won for himself the indulgence of his opponents. He often congratulated me upon ideas conflicting with his own. M. Henri Massis has told how the disillusioned old man assured him, a Catholic and nationalist—"After all, I don't know, perhaps it's you who are on the right track."

The much vaunted urbanity of the hermit of the Bechellerie looks as terrifying as it is charming; it has little to do with tolerance. May we call it "indifferentism," or in French argot, "je m' enfichisme." Be it what it may, it reveals an absence of conviction that is without any limit. This would-be satirist was a mocking flatterer. "From the universal contempt which human beings inspired in him, he did not except himself." This sentence, which is his own, can only bring pain to those who, whatever their belief or lack of belief, at least have the religion of character and respect for human dignity.

"When in this profession of ours," asserted the nirvanic sage to M. Pierre Mille, "we have attained authority; we must take care, as to politics, to lift ourselves up to an inaccessible platform." A communistic government was, twenty years ago, the most unlikely ever to become an operative one. Therefore, thought the author of Sur la Pierre Blanche—what chance do I take in extolling to the skies a government impossible on earth? None, indeed. But—there are malicious surprises in the life of nations. When the red flag was planted on top of the Kremlin, Anatole France no longer encamped on an inaccessible summit. The party to which he had claimed allegiance was, in its turn, administering a vast empire, making blunders and committing crimes. The dream had materialized into reality. "I have sometimes felt," M. Pierre Mille remarks flippantly, "that such an emergency was not a little embarrassing to Anatole France."

Diplomacy! diplomacy! Concerning his patriotic articles on the war, he assured his friend, M. Marcel Le Goff—"Yes, I have spoken and written in the manner of my 'concierge.' I am ashamed of it; but I was compelled to do so." He was frightened by anonymous menaces—by the current opinion at that time—by Clemenceau, who became his bête-noire. "We live in times similar to the Terror," he said anxiously to the same confidant. "None of us shall be spared. The 'charrette' is at our door. Life is sad." He feared to have the fate of M. Brotteau des Ilettes, one of the characters in The Gods Are Athirst.

On the other hand, the internationalists and pacifists, his intimate friends, have to be reminded that, as recorded by M. Paul Vaillant-Couturier in the Nation, "it was only after the Armistice, in December, 1918, that he gave his signature to the project of international reconciliation of the intellectuals. 'Will you sign it?,' he was asked. 'Of course,' he answered seizing a pen, 'you see . . . there is no longer any danger.' And he looked at his interlocutor with a smile of malice for his own conscious cynicism."

To reach success he was not handicapped by a genuine kindness, but he was helped by a theatrical humanitarianism. M. Edmond Jaloux, his admirer, declares—"Nothing in his work proves that he had much love of mankind." Mr. John Comper Powys describes this Olympian condescension as "a pity that cares little for what we call justice—a pity that refuses to take seriously the objects of his commmiseration." It does not heal—it burns the wounds. By sympathetically rally-

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ing Crainquebille, he does not console him; he would rather change the colleagues of that costermonger into anarchists. With his sensual and sensuous atheism, with his scornful "a-anthropism" (if I may coin a word) all he could do was to point out our ailments because their ugliness displeased him; but without an antidote, the emphasized evil appears more evil, and becomes more deadly.

And let us now see how he operates with his murderous scythe in the harvests of science, history, politics, and religion.

His nihilism does not permit him to believe in science, in which he can only discover "new illusions." So it is incorrect to compare him to Lucretius. He claims that he believes in beauty, but he lost the feeling for it in his later works, from which even good taste is sometimes absent. "Of philosophy he has none," declares unhesitatingly his young friend and panegyrist, James Lewis May. It is easy, but nevertheless illogical to take refuge in the assertion that our planet is a "drop of mud," and our sun "a bubble of gas." Only superficial minds are impressed by that. For, after all, that is not the question. Some day "the globe will go rolling on, bearing with it through the silent fields of space the ashes of humanity." (Sur la Pierre Blanche.) And after that, what? This is merely one of these pseudo-scientific hypotheses that the same writer decries—fine empty phrases leading to nothing. In the meantime, we must live, and we must know how to live. But that is a lesson which this flight into a post-historic and fabulous firmament will never teach us. And it is just that which we demand, and which, for us, is vital. What we ask of a great man is to inure us against the evils of existence—to elevate us, to show us an ideal, to light for us a new star if possible, and not to extinguish those which we have been accustomed to follow without giving us anything to replace them.

Anatole France puts into practice what Voltaire had christened "the pyrrhonism, or rather the mendacity, of history." Mr. May compared his books in this matter to mere stories, or to revues of cafés-concerts —caricaturing the happenings of the day. For a narrative instinct with probity and useful conclusions, he substitutes pungent witticisms and "couplets risqués" in prose.

The Dreyfus affair with us exteriorized a poignant crisis of conscience; yet, Anatole's romanesque memoirs of this drama and of its repercussions in Paris and the provinces (Histoire Contemporaine) are little less than a burlesque. As to his history of France, disguised under the fable of an imaginary Penguin Island, it is patently a farce without grandeur or depth, bereft of the satirical veracity and therefore of the profitableness which we find in Rabelais, Swift, Defoe, and even Sterne.

"What is the Isle of Penguins?" I wrote in the Annales of November 8, 1905—

> It is France, our country, in whose patron saint he would see a lady of easy virtue, exalted into a venerated idol, the beautiful Orterose the wife of Kraken [Clovis] the first king of the Penguins, a bandit. (These facile sarcasms do not appeal to me.) The Penguins are the Franks whom Saint Mael [Saint Remi] caused to quit their condition of fat and innocent birds by means of an imprudent initiation. Here is doubtless symbolized the transformation brought about by Christianity in the morals of the Gallo-Romans. The Penguins, the moment they are humanized and Christianized, fall into vice and wickedness!

To all impartial scholars, his Life of Joan of Arc appears an abortive attempt, because for the first time in his literary career he wrote dully and composed heavily. (One does not become serious at a stroke.) Aesthetically speaking, it is even below Voltaire's La Pucelle. With Voltaire, we knew in advance that it was the mischievous prank of a monkey, with no pretention of seriousness in it. But the two thick volumes under which this master of disintegration burdens the winged shepherdess, have a scientific pretense, and with a patient industry endeavor to remove the aureole from the head of the Saint, under the pretext of rendering her more humane. All that he succeeds in doing is to depict as rather stolid and compact the one who —without taking account of her supernatural mission —was by nature wit itself, and a genius born. To strengthen his thesis, this paradoxical biographer is drawn, unwillingly I suppose, to distort the historical events—which led to a sharp and just correction from the Scotch historian, Andrew Lang, rectifying in favor of Joan the irreverent mistakes made by the French annalist in her disfavor.

He utterly misunderstood the French Revolution. The struggle for liberty coming to birth after centuries of oppression, and multiplying in turn deeds of heroism and madness; that tragedy which drives a whole nation to internecine carnage for an ideal which it only vaguely glimpses, wakes no pitying echo in his heart. He emphasizes its murders and exalts its shamelessness. He does not discern the charter of the Rights of Man, written by his compatriots with their own blood. No more than a Christian can a true republican, without doing violence to his convictions, admire The Gods Are Athirst—nor, for that matter, any of his other books. Strange to say, this revolutionist, by his bourgeois prejudices, is at heart an ultra-conservative like Renan, hating progress, and despising the hopes and faiths by which the world lives.

Of religion he has no trace—particularly of religious spirit; although he likes to play about in the garden of mysticism, and often draws his inspirations from hagiographies. But, from his début as a Parnassian poet, he repudiates the dogmas, and especially the morals, of Christianity. He does not understand them. That seems extraordinary for a man of his intelligence. But there are some things which he in-

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sists on "peering at through an inverted telescope." And it is just the largest things that he sees in this way. Christianity is for him only a miserable little Jewish sect, which has happened to conquer the world. The martyrs, he abominates and flouts. Saint Paul he tries to lower to the level of the petty disputers of the time. (Gallion.) He delights in picturing the unique drama of Calvary as one of those minor affairs of so little importance that Pilate forgot it. (The Procurator of Judea.) Not only the Church he cannot abide, but all Christian churches. Mr. Pitts Sanborn notes this fact—"France was unsparing of what he termed clericalism in America. 'The Protestants,' he said, 'are liberal when they are weak; when they are strong, they become as Catholics.' "

He doubts everything and appears chameleon-like among the diversities of times and milieux which he traverses. But his mind is unrelentingly made up against Christ. He abominates Him and all that is Christian. Aside from opportunistic sentences published in a periodical at the beginning of his career, this is the only point on which he does not vacillate at all; on this rock the purpose of his life and art is built. "It is his only permanent idea on a general ground of mobility," writes M. Marcel Le Goff in a most reliable book entitled Anatole France à la Bechellerie. "He is anti-clerical and still more, anti-religious. . . . He considered Christianity a great calamity, a rebellion of slaves who abhorred beauty and the things of the spirit." More than that, he goes so far as to deny radically the existence of the historical Christ. Now, how could he be horrified by Christ and at the same time obstinately declare that He was nothing but a fable—a myth? Such a reasoning is a mystery, which Mephistopheles, his patron, could alone explain.

Still one cannot do without religion, and the deliberate Anatolian incredulity had its repercussion in his political and international creed. The most stubborn pyrrhonist needs to believe in something—to have a hope—to be thrilled by an association with a principle or a group of fellow-men. But when one radically and definitely denies God and the perfectibility of mankind, the human faculties, set going by the three despised theological virtues, do not disappear as a result; they persist, repressed in the subconscious depth of our being, secretly seeking after liberation. In an article in l'Illustration, M. Paul Bourget applies to the case of Anatole France the Freudian formula—"die Flucht in die Krankheit"—the flight into sickness. History shows us in most of those who have lost their religious beliefs, that there is a "flight" into sarcasm or Utopia—sometimes into both of these intellectual maladies. Anatole France escaped into Voltairianism and into Communism as well. His wit passed into sneers; on the other hand, his long submerged capacity for charity, hope and faith, issued forth into a confused and aggressive humanitarianism, vaticinating the supreme happiness of mankind through social shipwrecks and civic conflagrations. His nihilism, seeking for a positive outlet, found it in doctrines of annihilation and bouleversement.

If Anatole France has no religion proper, he does have a theology. He is a Manichaean, with a tendency to substitute Ahriman for Ormuz. To him the "eternal adversary" stands for a glorious deity, "a marvelous artist and a great savant, who has made at least half of the world." In Le Puits de Sainte Claire, one of his characters satisfies himself by timidly discovering "certain evidences of goodness in the obscure actions of Satan." But these cautious steps are only provisory. Anatole France lets himself go. Before long, it is Lucifer that he proclaims the true God. Such is the thesis of La Révolte des Anges.

In this grotesque allegory, the Angels—and the author thinks that he is doing them honor—incarnate themselves in the bodies of libertines and anarchists! The later pages set forth without reserve the sacrilegious apotheosis of Satan. In the author's eyes, "the infernal ape" looks as the all-powerful and all-pitying par excellence; and, as such, scruples to dethrone God, and refuses to do so; for he desires to remain "just and compassionate," and would fear to become, in his own turn, "hard and cruel as the Power he would dispossess!" Listen to the accursed, expressing himself with the pomp and seriousness which the novelist reserves for his favorite character—

> God, conquered, will become Satan; Satan, conquering, will become God. . . . As to ourselves, celestial spirits, sublime demons, we have destroyed Ialdabaoth, our tyrant, if in ourselves we have destroyed ignorance and fear.

Voltaire is far outdone. But this super-impious and licentious novel is a third-rate work. One feels its senility and impotence. It is the outgiving of an apocalyptic and tiresome Homais . . .

I could go on at length; but I have said enough, I think, to establish my modest thesis—Anatole France is not France. Nothing could be clearer than that. And I am not speaking of the France of the heroes and the saints, which no destroyer can vilify; but of the country of gentle and proud culture—from Pascal to Pasteur—from Chateaubriand to Bourget. Here I have not stigmatized; I have merely set forth the facts, just as they are; and through charity, I have not told them all . . . I have respected him who respected no one—not even himself. And so through negation and laughter he was led to despair. Again on the authority of his private secretary, M. Brousson, in spite of all the favors of fortune, he felt irremediably unhappy. "If you could read in my soul you would be frightened" . . . he said. "There is not in the universe a creature as miserable as I. People think that I am happy. I have never been for a single hour—a single day."

However, who can predict the sudden turns of the human soul—the measure of the Divine Grace—at the

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last hour? At the moment of passing into the ultimate coma, the final word pronounced by this man who had written so many, was—"Mother!"

What was going on in his mind? Only God can say. We may, however, permit ourselves a supposition, both plausible and praisworthy, resting upon a supreme appeal to a woman as pious as she was charming—his mother. Certainly many images and sentiments familiar to his childhood, must have been called forth from that far-away storehouse of early memories. The simple prayers repeated after his mother—these dreams in which passed and repassed angels quite other than the ones whose revolt he later described—in fine, that serene and fortifying atmosphere breathed in the real French family, with the mother alert and tender, keen and pious—the father somewhat grave, returning home to rest from the daily task well done—how all that must have, in a moment of a gracious illumination, dissolved this long nightmare of ambitions, feverish pleasures, and irritating vanities.

Is it not permissible to suppose, in that supreme crisis, a return to simple reality—a sudden comprehension that, as for true glory, he had missed it, to follow, especially during his later years, after noisy notoriety. He chose to win the adulation of those from whom one must expect only disdain or neglect, if one wishes to be certain of having kept the path—smiling or austere, but safe and somewhat shadowy—at the end of which await immortality and respect of our fellow-men.

Undoubtedly such words must be uttered only with becoming humility; for who of us has not been more or less a chaser of butterflies, and has not, in the pursuit, stumbled into the bypath which ends in the morass? Who has the right to cast the first stone? None, if we look within ourselves with clear judgment—but there are others, those who accompany or succeed us, the writers and the artists of today and tomorrow, our brothers and our sons, to whom we owe it to give the truth learned in solitude and tears. Not forgetting our own faults, we must point out the road taught by experience, and condemn maleficent ideas—or even beauties which are perverse.

But let us go a step farther. "Mother," is not only the woman who gave him physical birth—she is also the motherland permitting him to convert her civilization into a source of joy and new life to all humanity. Ah! but this poor humanity is tired of its evil masters, who have poisoned it under the guise of inspiring and instructing it! Humanity yearns for this "gay science," which allies itself with religion and inward peace. Even through her sceptics, France has propagated a gospel of spiritual love and concord. How should we identify this true France with one of her lost children?

At this sincere cry to a mother, we can picture his motherland, the immortal France, speaking thus to dying France—"My son, you have said that 'I was old but beautiful,' and that 'my devout children have embroidered my robe with towers, steeples, crenelated battlements and belfries.' Yea, 'I am a good mother: I teach industry and all the arts of peace. I nurse my children in my arms.' 'Each of my stones,' you wrote, 'brings a benefit and teaches a duty.' Why have you left the duty in taking the benefit? You have won a renown with the prestige of my robe and adornments, with the fluent and the crystalline language, which in the course of the centuries achieved perfection in musical nuance and the translation of human and divine thoughts. Why have you not also kept my spirit in the shrine of your heart, in place of having been the alchemist of mental poisons? Alas, you have shared the unpoliced delirium of modern Scythians and resurrected the incongruous dance of ancient corybantes. Still, thanks to the supernal compassion which you had denied, this your last word for me will weigh perhaps more in the scales of judgment than the whole mass of your books, and the crowns of perishable laurel. Your two mothers, your country and the dear one in Heaven, will plead for you at the trial of Eternity."

And so this essay on Anatole France's creed ends with a prayer for Jacques Anatole Thibaut.

View-Points

The Yokel:

"I'm weary of rinds and manure piles, of my dirty overalls—
Of breathing the dust of the haymow and sweeping the filth from the stalls—
Of the grunting swine in the pig-sty; shocking fodder in endless rows—
My hands are knotted and blistered from plows and pitchforks and hoes.
I'm broiled by the sun or soaked by the rain, and monotony crushes my soul!
Oh! Give me laughter and music, where joy, not crops, is the goal!
I yearn for the lights and the color of the city's rush and strife.
Yes! I'd sell all my chance-bound virtue for one whiff of the sin of life!"

The Sybarite:

"I'm tired of ghouls and parasites with blighted youth and tears,
Hiding 'neath paint, and smoke, and jazz, from the grim and grinning years—
Of the stink of sandal-wood and sweat; of the sneer of the saxaphone.
From parchment shanks and flattened breasts I long to be free and alone;
Free from the henna-ed hair of harlots twisted about by throat!
I hunger for perfume of new-mown hay, for the trill of the warbler's note.
Where the friendly smile of the summer sun makes the orchard drowsy at noon.
Oh! I'd barter every sin-stained night for a single ray of the moon!"

Owen Sheppard White.

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POEMS OF ARGENTINA

TRANSLATED BY THOMAS WALSH

Ballo in Maschera

How long did the adventure last?
  A day—or an eternity?
Who will measure madness past?
  Who, say how long a joy shall be?

A moment hidden and discreet
  Beheld her timid veil let fall,
When she, a child-coquette, would greet
Her poet on a midnight sweet—
  Once, only once, and that was all.

But never was the light of dawn
  Nor all the palace of the sky,
O Lady, out of magic drawn
  More beautiful and high!

Ask of the cedars gathered there
  Whence came those sounding harps afar,
With ripples on the raptured air?
As hands clasped hands divinely fair—
  Nor any question came to mar?

The seat beside the still lagoon,
  Unfailing memories will hold
Of what beneath the rising moon
  Was there confessed and told.

And those high birds that through the blue
  Pursue afar an aimless flight,
Will tell, perchance, that once they knew
How met in one the lips of two
  Within that garden in the night.

That gallant history, to tell,
  Of Love's poor momentary sigh,
In some lone memory shall dwell,
  As light uncertain to the eye.

If in your heart awake desire
  To learn the secret of it all—
Of any star in heaven inquire
That stays a space its course of fire,
  The ending to recall.

Or else, O Lady, it were well
  The star should silence keep;
Of some most placid mademoiselle
  Who sees her lover weep.

Perchance amid the dancing throng
  Beneath some domino,
Two maskers still shall move along,
Nor know each other, lost among
  The carnival below.

MANUEL UGARTE.

Venice the Golden

The Most Serene! The dream of coats of arms,
  Of lyric brigand, and of princess fond,
Of sword and honor, Doge's war alarms,
  Flowers and perfumes—Dogaressas blonde.

The gallant gondolas on blue canals,
  The galleons Levantine and bannered arcs,
The ducal pages, dainty senechals,
  The bronze reverberation from Saint Mark's.

Delights and glories! Sailors old recline
And gaze upon the sea through cups of wine,
  On terraced balconies that lift o'er spears;
Dalmatia, Negropont and Cypress, shields
Of basalt on Rialto's moonlit fields
  Of water, 'mid the song of gondoliers!

BARTOLOMÉ GALINDEZ.

Perchance

O night, O tragic night! Where, desperate
  Beneath the moon, I wait and whisper, "Come!
O blesséd Death, and make me consecrate,
  Close up mine eyes and seal my bosom dumb!"

Stars, planets, worlds, weigh heavy on my back;
  My sorrows crush, my griefs my strength undo;
My hands profaned stir naught but shadows black;
  A hundred thorns have pierced my blossom through.

White roses, to your blooming! Silver wings,
Bear high your doves! Ye apple harvestings,
  Shine red and luscious! Bees, unto your flowers!
Let sound the paeans! Through the golden night
Of moonlight shall my spirit poise in flight,
  My brows in radiance, though my bosom cowers.

ALFONSINA STORNI.

Autumnal Sweetness

There is a weeping through the paling trees
  That shed their leaves along the distant walks;
It seems as though our step accompanies
  A stealthy foot with which the silence stalks.

A bird is lost within the distant skies;
  Within the garden droop the alien flowers,
As though they breathed in their expiring sighs
  Some ecstasy of love's relinquished hours.

There is a holy light upon the heaven,
  A twitter from the nests. In its recess
The marble fountain sheds its tearful leaven—
  A dripping hymnal to forgetfulness.

LEOPOLDO LUGONES.

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COMMUNICATIONS

WHAT WOULD CAILLAUX DO?

Wawa, Pa.

TO the Editor:—Is it fairly certain, or is it merely an editorial opinion fabricated in New York, that "the sole purpose of the Painlevé ministry is to provide a comfortable blanket for M. Aristide Briand, whose suave but very Gallic personality is about the only powerful individuality to have survived the war," as stated in The Commonweal of April 22?

The same editorial note asks "Where . . . are the new men, the young giants who got a grip on reality from their service in the trenches? . . . Nothing can be done except to call upon veterans—the grand old men—to effect compromises that will safeguard the honor of France and stabilize the budget."

Several years ago a distinguished American writer offered to a principal Boston daily an editorial in which he pointed out why Caillaux must eventually come to office with dictatorial powers. It was declined because it was contrary to the opinion of the Boston editor. Yet that forecast has held its probability step by step with events, and may be realized at any moment. There are Americans who know Europe; some who know France. Among the latter specialists are some to whom Caillaux passes as the one Frenchman in the public eye who possesses the faintest conception of post-war international finances; who sees clearly and dispassionately where all "the grand old men" see in terms of provincial politics and flounder; who is in fact a party exile, above the melée; whose lonely logic, disdaining appropriateness of time and place, drew upon him the obloquy of high treason. This view of the man is at least interesting and worthy of consideration before discarding it. It is not necessary to credit the death-bed anecdote of Caillaux's father: that having labored all his life to destroy the French republic, he might, dying, safely leave the happy completion of his task in Joseph's hands, by means of whatever political party he might choose.

One does not need to ascribe to Caillaux any such motives. It is fairly obvious that he is unhampered by political affiliations and traditions, and only uses them where they can best serve his own quite independent thought. He is not a man of compromises—it would seem—but rather a man of ruthless action, though carefully planning and prepared. Those Americans who have taken the trouble to study him regardless of his "treason" have believed that M. Caillaux would not appear in government until there should be reasonable assurance that he could carry out his plans, and that any ministry in which his name should be included would be essentially a Caillaux ministry, regardless of its nominal head.

Many believe that the "grand old men" are being forced to the conviction that France must acknowledge financial defeat and take the consequences; that compromise serves no longer; that it would be good politics to give Caillaux his head.

If, even by the humiliation of a "Dawes Plan" applicable to France, he saves French finances, the ground would be laid for the triumphant return of the old guard on the strength of the humiliation (after the saving, and with a clean slate). If he fails, tant mieux, he is eliminated. And popular clamor from those who are very tired of dying and demand with insistence conditions under which they may live, and live with a maximum of comfort, may force upon the grand old men the new deal which they begin to see is necessary—but safely, under the pressure of the people's will.

It seems reasonable to expect that Caillaux may be given his day. What he will do with it is of absorbing interest. Aside from the field of finance, there is the question of the religious orders and of the Catholic schools—a smoke-screen of the Herriot government (in the opinion of some observers) to divert popular attention from the perilous condition of the budget.

It would seem, according to these, that "the new men, the young giants who got a grip on reality from their service in the trenches," are by no means lost; that it was in fact due to them primarily that the smoke-screen emitted by the recent government, blew back upon them and drove them from their ground. Herriot's stand in these matters crystallized the French nation—Catholic and non-Catholic—as it has not been crystallized since the anguish of the first defeats of the war. These young giants went from the ranks to private life, careless of the small things of life—and after the trenches everything in daily life seemed small. Those who felt the urge of political reform went, some to the young Republicans, some to the Royalists—not because they wanted a king or saw any man whom they could possibly accept as king, but because the abstract name of Royalist expressed to their minds the most complete antithesis possible in France at this moment to radical Socialism. Between them, and the Young Republicans, and the Catholics, there seems to reign as perfect an understanding as might be hoped for in the interests of sound republicanism.

In the shock of surprise at the unity and energy evoked by anti-Catholic action, all French politicians may be believed to have realized that no benefit is to be derived from insistence along this line at this time.

It is more than probable that Caillaux in power, having no party convictions, would attempt to use this unity and energy rather than oppose it.

There remains the fact of Masonic and Socialistic anti-Christian principle only, without meretricious agitation for the purposes of daily politics.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

CATHOLIC RESISTANCE IN FRANCE

Paris, France.

TO the Editor:—Mr. Denis Gwynn's reply to my article, which he himself has just sent me in a spirit of perfect frankness, is very different in tone and point of view from his first contribution to The Commonweal. I find very little in it from which I feel inclined to dissent. Yet, the great fact which I think cannot be sufficiently emphasized in the consideration of present developments, is not placed in a proper light in his pages. The whole question between us was—is Catholic resistance in France likely to have any good effects? Mr. Gwynn was evidently afraid that it might not be so, while I, on the contrary, felt hopeful of victory. Events, I am humbly thankful to say, have been on my side. Nothing can diminish the importance of the fact that M. Painlevé, in his first declaration, made a complete surrender on the question of the embassy to the Vatican and on the Alsatian question. Who can doubt that, had the French Catholic shown a meeker spirit, the issue would have been entirely different?

ERNEST DIMNET.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

The Poor Nut

IF ANYONE had dared to prophesy that a college play—all about track teams and cheer leaders and fraternities and June heart-throbs—could still make a success on Broadway, those opulent gentlemen known as managers would have laughed him out of court. Yet The Poor Nut is with us, and apparently for a long and prosperous visit. And The Poor Nut is as collegiate as The College Widow.

What is more, old man Psychoanalysis in his most distorted and quack form is lugged in by the hind legs and talked about as familiarly as if he too wore a frat pin. Judging by the response of the audience, every second person in New York must have been "psyched" in five visits and then turned loose to play football with his or her liberated libido. Small-talk about "emotional introverts" alternated with good old college spirit until it was hard to tell whether you were living in 1900 or in Zurich where introverts first sprouted.

The Poor Nut has one scene which is about as good straight theatre as I have seen in many moons. That is the scene of the track meet. It has all the thrills of a Ben Hur chariot race. I don't care how case hardened you are, nor how proof against unmannerly excitement, nor how determined you are to resist mob spirit; that track meet will get under your skin before the famous relay race is half over. You might just as well submit in advance and declare your emotional reserve bankrupt.

But one good scene is not a whole play. The rest of The Poor Nut is a sort of Merton of the Movies transferred to Ohio State College and correspondingly diluted. The hero is a bespectacled individual wavering between a love of books and botany and a desire to become a standardized college type. He is a fair victim for any designing young lady and the belle of Wisconsin (she who has recently won the Wisconsin beauty contest) proceeds to design vigorously. And of course there is the sweet young thing whom you know he is going to marry; and the benign professor as a sort of Greek chorus; and the villainous cad from Wisconsin. The psychoanalyst is none other than Miss Wisconsin herself (bless you, she's taken a college course in the subject and ought to know all about it!) who almost finishes the poor nut's chances by telling him all his faults and inhibitions the day before the track meet.

Here and there are some bits of good comedy, but if they were all packed together, there would be just about enough material for a good one act vaudeville sketch. The rest is padding—except for that track scene. Elliot Nugent, half-author of the play, acts the "introvert" hero with real intelligence. "Magpie" the cheer leader does an ecstatic bit in the track scene. Florence Shirley just about fits the part of the fickle Miss Wisconsin, and Wright Kramer, by his delightful diction and practised stage sense makes the professor a redeemed part. For the rest—well, the audience does not have to think very hard and has a correspondingly good time.

Drusilla with a Million

NOW here's a howdy do! The Associated Arts Productions stage an excellent if somewhat sentimental photoplay, and forthwith some of the prominent critics object because it is not the highest form of motion picture art. This tempts me to come to the defense of Drusilla, not taken by itself in a vacuum, but in relation to its audience. It is just as unfair to judge the screen by the standards of the theatre as it is to judge the theatre by the standards of music or sculpture. Each art has its limitations in object, in means of expression and in relation to the public for whom it is intended. Poetry, sculpture and painting, for example, we might call pure arts. The artist can, if he wishes, create them for the simple joy of creation. He can do the same with music. Architecture begins to take the hue of a practical art. The architect is working not solely for his own enjoyment, but for the benefit of another. He must effect a compromise between his own ideas of beauty and form and the ideas of his client on comfort, convenience and cost.

The theatre is in the same position. The production of a play demands at once a consideration of cost, physical limitations of the stage, and the ability of actors. It also demands a consideration of the probable audience. A play that has been written for a sophisticated New York audience must be handled differently from one written for Tokio or even Ashtabula.

The screen represents a still further approach to practical art. The cost of a feature production is vastly greater than the cost of producing a play for a limited and local audience. Emotions must be produced by action alone. There is no actor's voice to heighten the effect of a scene, nor to make clear the more subtle emotions. And then, as a final limitation, there is the practical necessity of adapting to a very large and vastly varied audience. Even a sensational run in a New York picture palace is not enough to cover costs of production. Producers must depend on the response in thousands of theatres in small towns, some of them, perhaps with acquired metropolitan tastes, but for the most part towns which still relish simple situations, simple and strong emotions and straightforward action.

By this I do not imply a justification of the gross and cheap appeal sought by many producers who frankly cling to sex as the one sure-fire box office stimulant. But I do believe it justifies the production of photo-plays which, instead of seeking the bizarre and the unusual, strike deliberately for the entertainment and interest or excitement of the nation-wide movie audience as it exists to-day. I believe this is quite as justifiable as the era of wooden houses in New England, when wooden construction met the economic needs of the times. An architect of those days who refused to build except in stone, because he felt stone was the only medium of pure building art, might have been a good creative artist, but he would have been a poor architect.

Viewing the pictures strictly as a practical art, more limited even than architecture, I feel that a picture like Drusilla is a valuable contribution to screen repertory. It is a clean story and a very simple one. Its emotional appeal borders on the sentimental, but less so than hundreds of more sophisticated pictures. Its direction is excellent and the sequence smooth and swift. Personally I enjoyed it even after a season saturated with more than eighty plays of every description and numberless movies. And I particularly resent the type of criticism it has received in certain quarters based, as I believe, on a mis-

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taken idea of what the movies should be to-day and on a narrowly New Yorkish point of view.

Fordham and the Little Theatre

LAST week it was my great good fortune to be asked to act as one of the judges of the freshman one-act play contest at Fordham. I have mentioned once before the important work being done at Fordham to prepare young men for directing and managing little theatres throughout the country. It fully deserves this further mention because of the ease with which other institutions can carry on the same type of work and thus in time vastly improve the standards of local theatricals.

These seven plays were all written by freshmen. For obvious reasons, they lacked the range and power of mature work. But the important point is the extent to which they showed solid dramatic and creative instinct. Joseph A. Phelan's A Gentleman of Fortune, which won the first prize, showed, in particular, a strong sense of theme, structure and plot. Work of this sort, accompanied by very capable acting, promises well for the next decade in a broader field outside the university. But there is one feature of the Fordham work which I find inexcusable. They can never expect to draw the full sincerity of creative power from the students until they permit women to act the women's roles. The actress is part of the medium of the theatre. To handicap the students by refusing them the full use of their medium is to obstruct the very purpose for which this otherwise serious and fine work is being conducted. It is like trying to learn dance steps with the aid of a chair for a partner.

When Choosing Your Plays

A Bit of Love—Galsworthy in an over-sentimental mood.
Aloma of the South Seas—A grotesque and uninteresting play.
Cæsar and Cleopatra—A splendid production scenically, but unevenly acted.
Desire Under the Elms—Eugene O'Neill at his most morbid repast.
Is Zat So?—The triumph of two characters and a very human theme over a poor plot. A splendid comedy.
Lady of the Rose—A poor play by a good playwright.
Pigs—Rural comedy scoured with Sapolio for cleanliness.
Rosmersholm—Ibsen's morbid tragedy well acted.
Tell Me More!—A Gershwin score—praise enough.
The Critic—A capital production of Sheridan's lively comedy.
The Fall Guy—A good human comedy of the slumming type.
The Gorilla—An entertaining piece of melodramatic hokum.
The Guardsman—A play in which the artistic temperament and infidelity are selected as comic themes.
The Mikado—Excellent revival.
The Rat—A Parisian melodrama.
The Show-Off—A sterling comedy that touches a guilty chord in many who laugh at it uproariously.
The Student Prince—One of the best of the musical plays.
They Knew What They Wanted—A play with a tragic beginning and a fine ending.
What Price Glory—A very fine, though not a great play.
White Cargo—A morbid story of the white man's degeneration in the tropics. Mostly unrelieved gloom.

BOOKS

Skyline Promenades, A Potpourri, by J. Brooks Atkinson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

PRETTILY and significantly named, Skyline Promenades is the diary of a "hike" undertaken a few years back through the White Mountains, from Silver Lake to Mt. Jefferson, following lonely trails and footpaths. On his tramp, Mr. Brooks Atkinson, besides a well-filled pack under whose weight he occasionally groaned, carried a mind stored with classic literature, native and foreign, a keen sensitiveness to natural beauty, and a vivid appreciation of the contrast between multitude and solitude that is of the essence of his book. One must not forget a companion, "Pierre," whose homely rebuke when thought was inclined to soar above what he conceived to be a practicable level, adds considerable seasoning to the narrative. The result is an altogether charming record of what one well imagines was a precious experience, to be kept in the treasure house of the memory and turned to again and again as solace during the heat and stress of the workaday task.

The time has not yet come when the destiny which has allowed the wilderness to persist almost at the doors of our great cities, can be considered in its place as one of the factors which are producing the typical American mind. It is all part of the amazing generosity and, if you will, wastefulness, on which the experiment has been conducted. While making no attempt to institute such an enquiry, Mr. Atkinson has many a suggestive passage on the sharp contrasts that lie well within a day's journey, that indicates on what line the study might run. Seen in imagination from the bird-haunted fastnesses of Chocorua or Passaconaway, the fret, the competitive fervor of our big cities, with their affronts to human dignity, disappear. A reconciling glamor settles upon them—the same glamor that filled Milton's heart, in his cottage at Chalfont, with austere ecstacy. "Towered cities please us then." New York becomes "a microcosm of peculiar beauty, with its noises, colors, vistas, fan-flung buildings, the pageantry of crowds and stories written on strange faces, the sunlight and the shadows, the river 'maculated with craft' as Huneker phrased it, such stuff as Balzac saw in Paris, Dickens in London, Juvenal in ancient Rome." Nor is the moral forgotten that takes form almost inevitably in reflective souls as the reverberations of the artificial life die away, to leave the ultimate questioning as clear and insistent as the call of a mating bird. "There have been, and there still are, some [Mr. Atkinson is musing on the eternal problem as to who really gains and who really loses his life] who climb the hill, not by the main highway, but by dim, twisting paths which wander through the forest; not at a steady, muscle-wearing pace, but leisurely, or with intermittent bursts of speed which are rewarded by long rests beside the streams. . . . Only an occasional one finds his way to the top—and then absurdly late. They are not successes. Surely they are not failures."

Some of the saddest passages in Mr. Atkinson's pleasant odyssey concern the decay that has settled down on this pleasant holiday-land. The greed of the lumber-man has shorn wide stretches of their towering forests of white pine, through whose slender spires, as upon an Aeolan harp, the wind once played august harmonies. The life of the "back-woods farmer" left behind as migration has flowed down these mountain-slopes to the all-devouring cities of the plain, is sordid and all but hopeless. Even the summer sojourner of two decades

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back now flits by above the spinning wheels of a generation, whose holiday gods are speed and displacement. "Some few of the hotels, where large numbers of guests spent several weeks in the summer, stand like ghosts of a period that is past." In others "the paint is peeling from the buildings, and the long porches, once alive with guests all summer, are rotting away."

Luckily beauties remain that are out of the power of man to mar or exploit. Mr. Atkinson is describing that unforgettable spectacle, a storm in the White Mountains. "We were only half-way to Whiteface when rain began to spatter. The centre of the storm was to the east, but the edge of it moved overhead, black with clouds and rain, and booming with long rolls of thunder. The beauty of the storm was magnificent. In the north the sun disputed with the clouds, setting gold off against the black. In the south, the Ossipee mountains were a study in blues as the storm swept over them—deep blue to the east on Shaw and Blacksnout, turning gradually to blackish-blue on the west where rain was falling and the clouds were heavy."

Fragrant and pungent as a posy of mountain flowers, this unassuming little bouquet of thoughts and impressions gathered on old New England soil, takes its place in the authentic succession of Walton and Thoreau, as a minor American classic.

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

Medieval Lore from Bartholomew Angelicus, by Robert Steele. London: Chatto Windus. 5s.

THE old English Franciscan, Brother Bartholomew—supposed to be of the Glanville family—who early in the thirteenth century set out to form the Franciscan community in Saxony and taught theology in that province, as well as lecturing on Scripture at the University of Paris, wrote one of those books which, in the middle-ages, became a sort of fountain-head for other authors, and a general book of reference for all students of popular astronomy, physiology, physics, chemistry, geography and natural history in their primitive elementary state.

It was translated from the Latin into French by order of Carlos V in 1372, and into English in 1397; a well-known edition being that of Wynkyn de Worde of 1491—these translators and adapters permitted themselves many liberties in accord with the popular use and practice of their time. The present edition follows the translation made by Father John Trevisa in 1397, and the editor, Robert Steele, takes advantage of the precedents established by older editors and selects as the spirit guides him—"passages of interest for their quaint language and their views of things, often for their very misrepresentations of matters of common knowledge today, and for their bearing upon the literature of the country."

There were curious and beautiful fancies scattered through the heavy text of De Proprietatibus Rerum—for instance, we read—"The rainbow is impression gathered in an hollow cloud and dewy, disposed to rain in endless many gutters, as it were shining in a mirror, and is shapen as a bow and sheweth divers colors and is gendered by the beams of the sun or the moon. And it is but seldom gendered by the beams of the moon, no more but twice in fifty years, as Aristotle saith. As Beda saith, and the master of stories, forty years tofore the doom, the rainbow shall not be seen, and that shall be token of drying, and of default of elements."

Of the dew, it is written—"For by night in spring time, oysters open themselves against dew, and receive dew that cometh in between the two shells and hold and keep it; and that dew so holden and kept, feedeth the flesh and maketh it fat—and by its incorporation with the inner parts of the fish breedeth a full precious gem, a stone that is called Margarita. Also the birds of ravens, while they are whitish in feather ere they are black, dew feedeth and sustaineth them, as Gregory saith." Of the fox, we hear that he is "a false beast and deceiving, for when he lacketh meat, he feigneth himself dead and then fowls come to him, as it were to a carrion, and anon he catcheth one and devoureth it. The fox halteth always, for the right legs are shorter than the left legs. His skin is right hairy rough and hot, and his tail is great and rough, and when an hound weeneth to take him by the tail, he taketh his mouth full of hair and stoppeth it. Though he be right guileful in himself and malicious, yet he is good and profitable in use of medicine."

It was so they babbled and lisped in their desire of scientific knowledge—books were scarce—journeys long and dangerous—the nations savage and exclusive. We may well wonder more at their ardent desire for learning than at the quaint turn of their misinterpretations and superstitions.

THOMAS WALSH.

The Church at the Turning Points of History, by Godfrey Kurth. Translated and published by Victor Day. $2.25.

IT was a happy thought of the Vicar-General of Helena, Montana, to give the English-reading public this translation of an important work by the eminent professor of history at the University of Liege, Belgium. Professor Kurth was one of those rare scholars who join to extensive erudition a keen discernment of values and an aptitude for clear and orderly statement. His style has the simplicity and ease which are the marks of complete mastery of literary expression, and his writings have been crowned by several European academies.

The work which Monsignor Day selected for translation might—so far as its size is concerned—be ranked among Professor Kurth's minor writings; but it is far more useful to the general reader than many extensive treatises in its field. It is apt to be a drawback to one's satisfaction in reading history that the array of facts is so great as to be confusing. As one might say, it is hard to see the wood for the trees. The historian exercises his most useful office when he selects from the press of events those which have had real significance in their bearing on the fortunes of humanity; but unfortunately there are few historians who have that capacity. The lot of most of them is to be oppressed by the bulk of the material their studies have collected. Their erudition masters them; there are comparatively few who master their erudition; but the late Professor Kurth was one of the fortunate few.

This work derives its plan and style from the fact that its matter was originally prepared for a course of lectures given at the Women's University Extension in Antwerp. So its aim is to present general ideas, and it deals with the correlated facts by topical groupings so that they form a tableau that can be surveyed at a glance. Annotation, reference—and, in fine, all the formal apparatus of scholarship, is omitted; but nevertheless the work is solidly based, and all of its statements are verifiable. After a concise account of the new era opened for humanity by the advent of Christianity, the work goes on to describe and explain the periods of crisis which have occurred from time to time in the course of historical developments. The first crisis was that which was brought on when the expansion of the

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Church was hindered by the Jewish traditions that clung to it at the beginning. Other turning points in the Church's history are dealt with by chapters on the Church and the Barbarians, the Church and Feudalism, the Church and Neo-Caesarism, the Church and the Renaissance, the Church and the Revolution. The last chapter brings the story down to the times in which we live. The spirit of revolt which began by attacking spiritual authority is now attacking all authority; and morals and politics are tumbling down in every direction, so that even her foes admit that the Catholic Church is the one moral force that is left standing. The work closes with a survey of the situation which brings out clearly the fact that the Church is meeting the present crisis with the energy and success which she has always displayed at a turning point in history.

Another of Professor Kurth's writings, now included in the same volume as the above, is an essay entitled—What Are the Middle-Ages? It refutes the notion that the middle-Ages are an intermediary period between ancient and modern civilization, and it shows on the contrary that what are mistakenly called the middle-ages, were in fact the initial phase of modern civilization. This is a matter on which all reputable scholarship is now in agreement. The middle-ages were a period of great creative activity which laid the foundations of modern civilization.

HENRY JONES FORD.

Sainte-Beuve, by Lewis Freeman Mott. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $5.00.

SAINTE-BEUVE, the master of the literary critics of France, followed by Taine and Matthew Arnold and a whole generation of younger authors, would have received with complaisance the able biography Lewis Freeman Mott has prepared for him, couched with some of the large-mindedness and justice of judgment that in the final count was always to be found in the French master.

The period of Sainte-Beuve's life from 1804 to 1869, covered a highly important and interesting epoch in the history of French literature—the passing of the classical authors into the romantic age heralded in the advent of Victor Hugo. Sainte-Beuve's education, thoroughly French in its strictest sense, ably fitted him for his destiny as a guide and counselor during the confusion of taste that ensued upon the breaking down of the older standards, and the setting up of the romantic banners, revolutionary as they seemed at the time—but now recognized as merely a new school, with limitations that more modern times were to destroy.

The story of Sainte-Beuve and his social and amorous affairs, is told with fullness and interest. Speaking of the Goncourts and their literary methods, Sainte-Beuve asks—"Who is not more or less heretical today?" Created a senator by Napolean III through the influence of Princess Mathilde, he gave a dinner in her honor, on Good Friday, 1854, to the great scandal and offense of the conservative parties who interpreted this as his disavowal, if not defiance of Christianity. Sainte-Beuve disclaimed all interest in the good and beautiful in his professed devotion to what was true—he thus removed himself from the ranks of the aesthetes and assumed a philosopher's toga which did not always give a perfect fit. Taine finds his chief title with posterity in "the introduction of the procedures of natural history into literary study. In France in this century he has been one of the five or six most useful servants of the human mind."

T. C.

The Yiddish Press, by Mordecai Soltes. New York: Columbia University Press. $2.00.

THE impatience of the American public with the numbers, circulations and influence of publications in languages other than English, created a situation that was met, in the case of the Yiddish newspapers, with an assertion of American aims and a propaganda favorable to our interests during the great war.

Dr. Mordecai Soltes in a statistical book entitled The Yiddish Press, An Americanizing Agency, gives a very able account of the processes followed by the Jews in an attempt to vindicate their use and propagation of Yiddish. "The principal element in the Yiddish language," he tells us, "is a dialect of German spoken in the Rhine region during the middle-ages—Judeo-German which contains also Hebrew and Slavic elements became in time the common tongue of several millions of Jews who lived in Poland, Russia, Austria and other European countries. The tendency of the Jews throughout the Diaspora to write the vernacular of the various lands in which they dwelt, in Hebrew characters, resulted in the utilization of the Hebrew alphabet in the case of Yiddish. Through contact with other languages and civilizations, Yiddish has been considerably modified by the accession of Poland, Russian and English terms and forms. It is interesting to note that in Russia, which was the largest centre of Jewish population in the world, Yiddish was looked upon as a jargon. It was despised by the radicals who preferred to use the Russian language, as well as by the leaders of the Haskalah (enlightenment) movement, who adhered tenaciously to the ancient Hebrew tongue. In America, however, the pioneers in the Jewish labor movement, in their desire to reach and influence the masses, utilized the Yiddish language advantageously for the promulgation of their ideas. In fact, the past twenty-five years have witnessed the increasing divergence of the Yiddish tongue from the German origin. Not only is the language employed in conversation today by the rank and file—a so-called Americanized Yiddish, replete with English elements—but the phenomenal rise of Yiddish literature has contributed largely to the evolution of Yiddish from a mere patois to a forceful vehicle for literary expression."

In the light of all this, it is rather hard to see the force in the explanations given for the development and practice of Yiddish in America as a traditional and sentimental inheritance, in the face of our need for a united American nationality, and a clear common inter-racial medium of expression. It is quite obvious that our newcomers to America from such parts of the old world as Italy, Germany, Poland, Spain, and Spanish America, should wish for the information from their former homes and the first lessons in their life among us conveyed in what may be the only language they possess. But the impression remains, in some quarters, that the cultivation of their foreign presses is permitted to go beyond this necessity, and results in the propagation of racial isolations and campaigns not altogether in harmony with out national ideal. The English language is the established medium of the United States, and a desire for special news and complete information hardly explains the large numbers of Hebrew young men and women busily studying the Yiddish journals in all the public conveyances of New York.

These bilingual supporters of foreign publications in America would do well to create in their public an ease with English that will permit the expression of their views in the language that is common to all.

P. H.

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BRIEFER MENTION

The Poor King's Daughter, by Aline Kilmer. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25.

THIS is a really significant volume in the development of what—even in our modern days—may be denominated a poet soul. In our poets we gaze upon the portrait albums of our century—the advance or decline of the epochs are thus to be measured in the delicate registerings of souls highly attuned to harmonies beyond the hearing of average men and women, but speaking in an ascertainable manner the inner hopes, aspirations and regrets of the great inarticulate masses. In two previous volumes, Candles That Burn, and Vigils, Aline Kilmer took a place in the very first rank of living poets. The widow of a poet-hero, Joyce Kilmer, Aline Kilmer is a true poet in her own right, and her husband was one of the first to recognize it. Her earlier poems, devoted largely to childhood and domestic incidents, were hailed by some as veritable chef d'oeuvres of the familiar muse—other critics felt an impatience with what seemed limitations to Mrs. Kilmer's genius and looked forward to her emancipation from this household-singing, and a more stately approach to the sacred altars of song. In The Poor King's Daughter, this process of her genius is more evident, and her present volume may confidently be declared not only her best, but the very best book of poems of its season. In her lines, With Deeper Menace, there seems to be a bit of prophecy more graphic than what Mrs. Kilmer really intended to confess—Favete Linguis is an exquisite piece of futility—one is thrilled by A Guest Speaks, and the Hamadryad.

Mr. Godly Beside Himself, by Gerald Bullett. London: John Lane, The Bodley Head, Limited. 7s. 6d.

GERALD BULLETT is one of the talented writers that has come into prominence in England since 1918. Already he has published a book of ten tales—The Street of the Eye, written with ardor, sympathy, fancy and restraint. He has also written two stimulating studies of Chesterton and Walt Whitman. Now with Mr. Godly Beside Himself, a puckish fantasy upon an old and familiar theme, he publishes a fresh and delightful first long narrative. A middle-aged commuter sets off in the pursuit of beauty. The irony is gentle, though shrewd. It is a fantasy of searching insight and loveliness, created with grace and charming humor. The elfin characters sport with an elusive beauty. They traffic merrily in and out of a real and fairy world, returning when the chase is over with thoughts of silver and memories of gold to embellish a harsher world with enchantment. Its half fairy, half real delicacy is laden with a fruitful vision and prankishness that is happily mixed with poetry. Another perfecter of topsy-turvy humor has joined the Barrie, Stephens, De La Mare club of ingratiating weavers of charm.

Sacred Poems, by M. S. Pine. Washington: Georgetown Visitation Press. $2.50.

IT is in such collections of poems of the cloister that one should look for the true mystical note in modern, as well as in old time literature. The author, M. S. Pine, is well known among devotional poets as possessing great technical facility and imaginative charm—the more hidden beauties of the soul stand revealed in fuller light in this new edition of her poems, and there are many of our secular lyrists who could profit greatly in studying them.

THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

The heat of the noonday was showing its effects in the post-luncheon mood of Doctor Angelicus.

"If I were King of Albania," he said, scrambling the newspaper exchanges on the table before him, "I should abolish all publications and all authors."

"A pretty kingdom, indeed," insinuated Hereticus. "How could we take our breakfast coffee—listening to the town-cryer, I suppose?"

"There should be one newspaper," allowed the Doctor, "one only—my own to announce my decrees."

"But, Doctor, however wise and genial your dispensations, you could not suit everybody. What yould you do with those who objected?"

"I should establish a travel-bureau with free tickets to any other country that my critics would prefer—no round-trips, of course. Once out of my dominions, they could never return—except after five years of probation or penance abroad."

"How about literature and the arts?" asked Hereticus.

"Nothing could be published or exhibited or imported into the kingdom that was less than ten years old. No author could print or show his work before the age of thirty-five. I should have strict licenses and prohibitions to this effect."

"What would the young intellects have to say to this, Doctor?" asked Primus Criticus.

"I don't know and don't care—most of them would have left the country anyhow. Think how happy we should be! Good meals, good drinks, good beds, well-tilled fields, simple pleasures, handsome, healthy folk! Is it all a hopeless dream?"

"International relations?"

"There wouldn't be any: we should merely use our common sense. Diplomats should be classed as vagrants."

"Your courtiers?"

"The best working men, the jolliest spirits in the land."

"The women?"

"The healthiest, loveliest and most fruitful—golden prizes for handsome babies and a' that!"

"Inheritances?"

"There wouldn't be many—most of us would just have enough. Large families would be the adopted children of the king."

"Education?"

"Only for the especially endowed—nothing for others beyond the three R's. Our audiences should not know so much more than our authors."

"It sounds primitive," suggested Hereticus.

"It suggests craftsmanship, not art," added Primus Criticus.

"And the dress of your people, Doctor?" asked Miss Anonymoncule.

"Vegetable dyes, simple archaic lines, studio-blues, hand-wrought metals, personal, loose, flowing cloaks, and soft hats, long tresses and untrimmed beards—no hours at the dress-makers, at the beauty-shops—just the sun and fresh water, and—"

* * *

"Doctor, this is Poet's Day—June first—a day of roses and love. You must be ready to celebrate?"

"The announcements came too late," said Primus Criticus. "We had no time to prepare our odes to Mayor Hylan and the Board of Aldermen—however, we shall have Fifth Avenue for

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our parade next year. Who do you think should lead it, Doctor?"

"By all means, Edwin Markham, the dean of our poets—one of our best, by the way. Then squads made up of the different wards and sections, the Greenwich Village—a large squad—the Bronx Poets equally large—the Brooklyn Poets, representing Long Island and the classic forms of verse. The representatives of the bi-sexual clubs, like the National Arts, and the MacDowell Club—in short, all kinds of poets—long-haired and bobbed, grey and red, dimpled and bald, bearing placards each announcing the magazines to which they have contributed."

"Brass bands and all that?" suggested Primus Criticus.

"Of course, of course," the Doctor rubbed his hands appreciatively, "and ice cream and cake in the park, like Anniversary Day in Brooklyn, while the prizes are awarded and the Happiness Quartette and the Anti-Pyorrhea Chorus render music behind the radio discs."

"But, Doctor," murmured Miss Anonymoncule, "you have not suggested what sort of prizes should be awarded."

"There, there, my dear, be of good courage," responded the gallant Doctor—always most thoughtful of ladies' feelings. "You will have a prize, no doubt, for I shall see to it. But I cannot now tell you what form it will take, for I cannot decide just which collection of Nursery Rhymes is most suitable."

"Poetry must now come out of the upholstered window seats," asseverated Hereticus, "and stand forth boldly on the steps of the City Hall."

"And be photographed with His Honor," said Angelicus, seizing his pen and waving the others from his presence.

THE LIBRARIAN.

CONTRIBUTORS

NELSON COLLINS, a Protestant, has been active with the Catholic and Protestant forces that opposed the attempted legislation against private schools in Oregon and Michigan.

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